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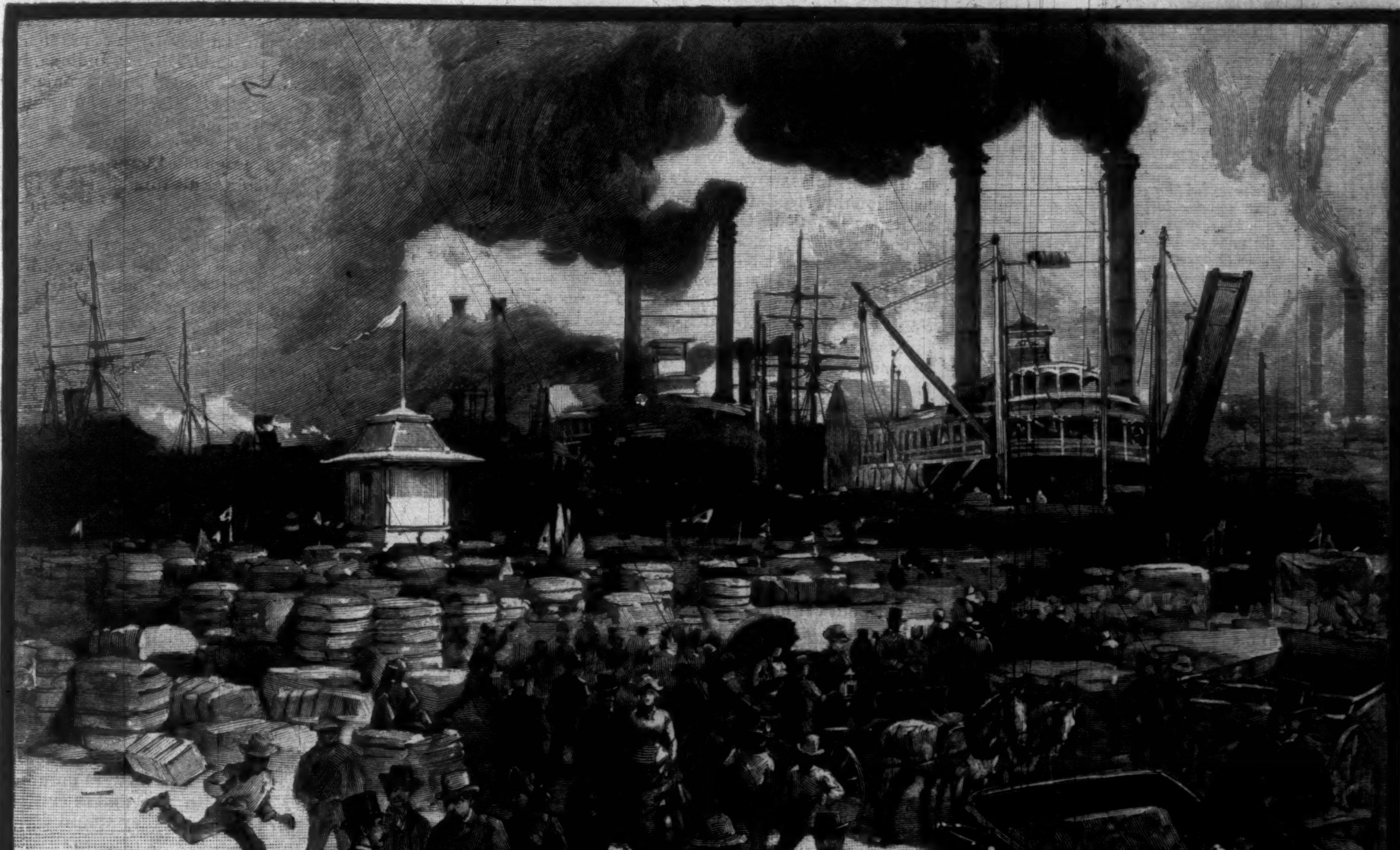

THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION—ARRIVALS AT THE LEVEE.—DRAWN BY DURKIN AND GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 23.]

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

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"ROLF HOUSE."

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AUTHOR OF "AUNT RUTH'S TEMPTATION," "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," "NAN," "DICK AND D.," ETC.

"Rolf House" may be regarded to a certain extent as a sequel to "Nan," one of the most popular juvenile stories ever published. It is, however, complete in itself, and is fully as interesting as any of the earlier works by the same author. MRS. LILLIE'S *charm as a writer for little folk seems to increase with practice and experience. Each installment will be accompanied by one or more fine illustrations by* MISS ALICE BARBOUR.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1885.

THE QUESTION OF THE ISTHMUS.

HOWEVER desirable it may be that the United States should control exclusively the interoceanic communication across the isthmus, it is indispensable for our national honor that such control should be acquired by no means unbecoming a great nation. By the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty of 1850 we assumed with Great Britain a joint protectorate of the isthmian communication. We now propose in the pending Nicaragua treaty finally to renounce the joint protectorate, and we have declared the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty to be voidable by us in consequence of the conduct of Great Britain. But as Great Britain holds that our construction of the treaty is incorrect, and that it has not lapsed by her misconduct, we ought, upon a full and fair representation of the reasons why we wish to abrogate the treaty, to ask for a mutual release, and so end the convention in a dignified and customary way. This is not done by the dispatch of the Secretary of State of the 8th of May, 1882, which alleges British violation of the treaty as releasing the United States. There is no doubt that the inspiring motive of the treaty was the dislodgment of Great Britain from Central America as essential to our perfectly undisputed right of way to our western coast. This was a purpose not less important than the canal, because the full advantage of the canal depended upon its accomplishment. Great Britain was so firmly planted in Honduras that our Government had asked and received from the British Government the *exequatur* of a consul, which is always granted by the sovereign. Great Britain held also the protectorate of the Mosquito Indians, whose territory covered most of the Nicaraguan coast along the Caribbean Sea.

Secretary CLAYTON's object was to obtain of Great Britain the absolute relinquishment of these rights, and of all other rights of dominion, colonization, occupation, or fortification upon the isthmus, and the price that he proposed to pay was the joint protectorate, in the first place, of any ship-canal through Nicaragua, and, in the second place, of "any other practicable communications, whether by canal or railway, across the isthmus which connects North and South America." But from the moment that the treaty was signed there was a dispute over its construction. Great Britain claimed that her protectorate in Honduras was acknowledged, and Mr. CLAYTON stoutly denied it. To settle the question, Great Britain proposed arbitration or a new treaty. But General CASS, who had attacked the treaty in 1853 as recognizing the British claim, held in 1856 that a new treaty was unnecessary if the first were carried out in its true spirit. The misfortune was—and it has always remained—that the point in regard to the British footing in Central America was not put beyond question when the treaty was concluded. Upon the exchange of ratifications Sir HENRY BULWER filed a declaration in the State Department that the treaty did not apply to British Honduras, and Mr. CLAYTON formally replied that such was his understanding, but that he must not be understood to affirm or deny the British title. Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN now contends that the British "settlement" under Spanish-American authority has been converted into British "possession" under British sovereignty. But it is enough to say that the administration of Mr. POLK before the treaty, and that of Mr. FILLMORE, when Mr. WEBSTER was Secretary of State, after the treaty, recognized the British sovereignty by asking of the British Government the *exequatur* for a consul at Belize. The history of the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty certainly shows that it is too late to plead that a situation which was acknowledged to exist when the treaty was ratified is a violation of the treaty, and its summary abrogation under that plea is highly inexpedient, and might easily produce awkward results.

Our interest in the isthmus is undoubtedly superior to that of other nations, excepting those of Central America. Our national domain extends from ocean to ocean, and our exclusive control of the isthmian communication, with due regard to the commercial interests of the world, is necessary to our own security. That such control does not threaten the commercial interests of other powers is well stated by Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN to be shown by the Panama Railroad, which has been practically under our protection and that of Colombia for a generation, and the Suez Canal, through which, from its opening, the commerce of the world has moved freely and safely without international protection. So important a change in our policy as is proposed by the Nicaragua treaty must, of course, challenge the attention of the world, and our positions must be wisely and honorably taken. The treaty virtually abolishes the voyage by Cape Horn, and opens a new highway to the communication of the world. Moreover, when the United States builds a ship-canal across the isthmus, and runs it in common with Nicaragua, and protects and guarantees that state, the frontier of the United States is virtually advanced to the line of the canal. The measure contemplated is in its scope and novelty akin to the acquisition of Louisiana, and the first step toward its accomplishment should be a frank and friendly abrogation of the CLAYTON-BULWER treaty.

MR. CLEVELAND'S LETTER.

MR. CLEVELAND's letter to the National Civil Service Reform League is by far the most important of recent political documents. It is the tribute of one of the ablest and most experienced of great executive and administrative officers to the true principles of an effective civil service. There is no doubt that reform in the principle and method of appointment could not be held to be established so long as it might be plausibly interpreted as a mere scheme to retain the adherents of one party in place. Not until it had safely passed a change in party control of the executive power could it be regarded as finally established. As that change has just taken place, under circumstances peculiarly favorable to reform, it is cause for general congratulation that the President-elect, with characteristic vigor and directness, forecasts the policy of the next Administration in regard to its enormous patronage. The manner in which he does it will commend him to the respect and confidence of the country. His letter, as a tried friend of reform well says, is a Christmas gift of the best omen to the American people, a new emancipation proclamation of the freedom of the public service from mere partisan enslavement.

The important practical question was not so much that of the honest enforcement of the existing law as of the Executive action in regard to places which are not covered by the rules. The power of removal in every place, large or small, is entirely untouched by the law, and only about 15,000 subordinate places are included under the rules. But every position in the service is protected by the spirit of the law, and there has been great anxiety to know whether this spirit would be respected. This anxiety, however, has not been shared by those who were familiar with Governor CLEVELAND's character and official career, and his letter will satisfy those who were not. He is a Democrat who knows how indispensable to party organization the spoils system is believed to be. But he is a Democrat, also, who sees the unsoundness of such a view, and who perceives that party fidelity must have some more secure basis than mercenary self-interest, and that in the present political situation the advantage of his party can be promoted by the reform infinitely more than by patronage.

Mr. CLEVELAND, therefore, says frankly that no partisan feeling will relax his purpose to enforce the existing law, and that no incumbent shall be removed during his term of office solely upon partisan grounds, excepting those who have abused their places for party purposes. This is in strict accordance with the soundest principle, for the interference of office-holders in elections and the prostitution of patronage to party ends are among the chief evils which have produced the reform movement. The reasonable rule for the political conduct of members of the civil service has never been stated more happily than by Mr. CLEVELAND: "The quiet and unobtrusive exercise of individual political rights is the reasonable measure of their party service." Then, with the manly force and directness which characterize his public utterances, he adds that while the coming Administration will be Democratic, yet faithful party work can not be always rewarded by appointment to office, and that selections for places not embraced within the civil service rules will be based upon sufficient inquiry as to fitness, instituted by those charged with that duty, rather than upon persistent importunity or self-solicited recommendations. There is no reason to doubt that the President-elect comprehends his great opportunity, and there is equally no doubt that while party rancor will seek to ridicule, misrepresent, and belittle his action, all good citizens who desire to destroy the great incubus and peril of honest politics will gladly hold up his hands.

POLITICAL INDIFFERENCE.

THE Cincinnati *Times* has made some interesting and curious calculations about the vote in November. The excitement of the campaign was so universal that the number of voters who did not vote might be supposed to be very insignificant. Yet in the fifteen Northern States of California, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, with the six New England States, the whole vote cast was 5,855,819, while the last census shows 7,081,214 male adults, of whom it appears that 1,225,395 did not vote. This was an average of 81,693 to each State, or one out of every $5\frac{3}{4}$ male adult inhabitants. In Massachusetts 198,984 persons did not vote; in New York there is a difference of 241,519 between the actual vote and the voting population; in Pennsylvania the falling off is 195,960; in Illinois the difference is 121,052; in Connecticut, 40,000; and in Maine 56,861 inhabitants of voting age did not vote.

The fifteen Southern States cast 2,969,650 votes. The last census gives those States 4,115,735 male inhabitants of voting age. Thus it appears that 1,146,175 voters did not vote—an average of 76,412 in each of the fifteen Sates, or about one in about $3\frac{3}{5}$ of the adult population. This includes, of course, Indians, Chinese, convicts, etc., but at least something more than 1,000,000 voters did not vote; while in the Northern States, including unnaturalized foreigners—although the larger part of those who were so classed by the census had probably become voters at the late election—the number of non-voters was 1,225,395.

In some of the Northern States, as in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, as well as in some of the Southern States, there are certain restrictions upon voting, such as a poll-tax. It is this tax which prevents the voting of great numbers of colored citizens in the Southern States, so that intimidation does not altogether explain the Southern vote, as it does not explain the absence of the vote in the Northern States mentioned. The figures show that there are hundreds of thousands of voters throughout the country who were absolutely indifferent to the election, and who were uninfluenced by party appeals. They also show that in every State, if these voters can be aroused, they would decide the election.

A SPRING ELECTION.

WE are by no means always in accord with Senator ALBERT DAGGETT in his views of public policy, but he certainly spoke the truth in a late interview in saying that, "if the principle of a spring election is a good one—and I believe it is—there is no reason why it should not be applied to all large cities." It is, indeed, clear that a city like New York is a community which should attend to the election of its local officers without distraction from other and apparently more important elections at the same time. The evil of the custom of uniting national, State, and city elections is not only that it stimulates every kind of miserable bargain, but that it forces partisan considerations upon questions in which they are totally irrelevant and mischievous. In what legitimate way is the political principle of a Republican or Democrat involved in the election of Mayor of New York? How can that officer carry out any political policy? What proper political action can he, as Mayor, perform? It is true that FERNANDO WOOD tried by his authority as Mayor to aid movements toward the overthrow of the national government. But that was an abuse against which no law can provide, unless it be assumed that one party is a perpetual insurrection against that government.

And even were it true that city elections are in their nature partisan and political, there would be no good reason for combining them with larger elections, because the opportunity for venal bargaining would still remain. Indeed, in all the discussion and interviewing the sole plausible reason against the separate election is its expense. But the advantage is well worth the cost. The attention of the voters would be concentrated, without diversion of any kind, upon the real questions at stake and upon the comparative fitness of candidates. There would be full and free and intelligible discussion in the press, and everybody who took any interest whatever in the matter would be fully informed, and vote.

It is sometimes said that a full vote can not be drawn out at a spring election. But the difference in the number of votes at an election which involves national politics is made up of just those which rep-

resent no knowledge of the local election or interest in it, and which could be most advantageously spared. Fortunately the result at the late city election, so far as the Mayor is concerned, although it was simultaneous with the general election, was what good citizens desired. Mayor GRACE comes into office absolutely independent of pledges, parties, and cliques. He has had ample experience of city administration, and he knows that an administration which is concerned solely with efficient and economical government, and not at all with squads of mercenary politicians, will be heartily approved by public opinion. His predecessor seems unfortunately to have desired to embarrass him to the utmost. But it is in the Mayor's power, if he can not accomplish all that he would, to show where the responsibility for the shortcoming lies.

THE GREAT STATUE.

THE committee upon the BARTHOLDI statue are sparing no efforts to rescue the American name from a great reproach. A large number of French citizens and of French towns, in memory of ancient friendship, have presented this country with a symbolic statue, and Congress has authorized the President to designate a suitable site for its erection. The President has accordingly selected Bedloe's Island, in the harbor of the great sea-port of the country, and as the statue symbolizes Liberty enlightening the world, it is designed as a pharos, or light-house, and it could be nowhere more suitably placed.

But it can not be erected without a pedestal, and it is this for which the committee have been soliciting subscriptions. The response has been entirely inadequate, and Congress has been asked to appropriate one hundred thousand dollars. If to this sum the public will add thirty-five thousand dollars, the necessary sum will have been collected. The statue is now, or very soon will be, ready to be shipped. Its arrival is anticipated in May, and it would be exceedingly awkward if American citizens had made no provision for the reception of the gift which is proffered to them by citizens of France.

The statement of the situation should be the conclusive argument for the appeal of the committee. It is very possible that we should not have offered Frenchmen a symbolic statue. But they order this matter differently in France, and it is not a time nor a subject for criticism. Moreover, it is not a New York matter exclusively, as the alliance which it commemorates was not with a colony, but with the united colonies. The proper provision for the statue is now, in a very important sense, a question of international comity, and it would be discreditable should we be found unequal to our part in it.

GENERAL GRANT.

No American can see without pain that General GRANT is threatened with the loss of his most precious memorials, including the swords and medals awarded him by Congress, his relics of the war, and even the cards engraved with the thanks of Congress. The satisfaction of the claims against him requires the sale of these things, and it is stated that an attempt will be made by General SHERMAN and other friends to save them for the General and his family.

The misfortunes which have recently befallen him have produced general regret and sympathy, and his request that the bill for a pension should be withdrawn has not diminished the public regard for him. His public services are not of a kind to be belittled or forgotten. His career is an essential part of our history, and of all American citizens now living his name is surest of the longest remembrance.

However his fellow-citizens may have sometimes differed with him politically, they all agree heartily with him patriotically, and they will all cordially wish that the enterprise of General SHERMAN may be successful, and that General GRANT may not be forced to part with possessions whose value to him is not computable in money.

FOR THEATRE-GOERS.

WITHIN the last two years four theatres have been burned to the ground in the city of New York. Fortunately all were destroyed when they were empty, but, as the *Tribune* sensibly remarks, the next fire may occur in a theatre which is full. According to the report of the destruction of the Theatre Comique, which was burned a day or two before Christmas in full daylight, the roof fell in within a quarter of an hour of the outbreak of the fire. If the fire had occurred during a performance, the catastrophe would have been terrible.

There was no more popular theatre in the city, and no managers were and are held in kinder regard than Messrs. HARRIGAN & HART. Yet it is evident that the theatre was but a tinder-box, and their sole consolation in their calamity must be satisfaction that the house was empty when the fire occurred. The ugly thought will, of course, intrude itself that other theatres are no safer. At the Star, during Mr. IRVING's recent engagement, something in the wings took fire one evening, and at the Metropolitan Opera-house there was a similar mischance.

We do not wish to make theatre-goers uncomfortable, nor to diminish the receipts of any reputable theatre, but the facts should be plainly stated. After the destruction of the Brooklyn Theatre and the frightful loss of life there was a loud alarm sounded in the newspapers, and the theatres were inspected, and the details of their safety set forth. Probably the Comique was found to be safe, as its proprietors would certainly have intended it to be. And yet—

If people are forbidden to throw refuse into the streets, and if the law rigorously requires that whatever threatens the public health shall be removed, is it impossible to deal with a palpable danger to life? It is a question for theatre-goers, whose lives are threatened, to answer.

AN ABSURD ABUSE.

THE absurd custom of printing in the *Congressional Record* speeches that are not delivered has been vigorously attacked by Senator VEST, and its folly is well illustrated by the fact which has appeared that two such speeches were identically the same. A thrifty gentleman who turned a penny by supplying statesmen with sound views upon public questions properly expressed, measuring, with apparent justice, the precise importance which the statesmen themselves and the public would attach to their views, sold the same speech to two statesmen, and it was duly printed as proceeding from both.

During the last four Congresses it is stated that six hundred speeches have been published in the *Record* which were never delivered. This is a wanton squandering of what those statesmen would call "the people's money," and it opens the door to all kinds of abuses. A member may prepare "a campaign document" in the form of a speech, and have it printed and circulated at a nominal price.

It is an abuse which ought to be summarily reformed. It is undoubtedly true that some excellent and instructive speeches would be excluded from the *Record* by the abolition of the custom, but the authors of such speeches would be the very men to agree that the abuse ought not to be tolerated.

YEARS AND ROSES.

ON the late birthday of WHITTIER the junior class of the Girls' High School in Boston sent him seventy-seven beautiful roses in honor of his seventy-seventh year. The poet sent this reply:

"The sun of life is sinking low;
Without, a winter's falling snow;
Within, your summer roses fall.
The heart of age your offering cheers;
You count in flowers my many years.
God bless you, one and all!"

IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE.

THE following correspondence has taken place between the National Civil Service Reform League and President-elect CLEVELAND:

NATIONAL CIVIL SERVICE REFORM LEAGUE,
OFFICE NO. 4 PINE STREET, NEW YORK, *December 20, 1884.*

The Hon. Grover Cleveland:

SIR,—We have the honor to address you on behalf of the National Civil Service Reform League—an association composed of citizens of all parties, whose sole purpose is indicated by its name, and which takes no part whatever in party controversy.

The vast increase in the number of persons engaged in the civil service, and the grave mischiefs and dangers arising from the general proscription in the service which for half a century has followed a change of party control of the national administration, have produced so profound an impression upon the public mind that the first effective steps toward reform were taken, with the co-operation of both parties, in the passage of the reform act of January 16, 1883.

The abuses which that act seeks to correct, however, are so strongly intrenched in the traditions and usages of both parties that there is naturally wide-spread anxiety lest the party change in the national Executive effected by the late election should show them to be insuperable. But, believing as we do that the reformed system can not be held to be securely established until it has safely passed the ordeal of such a party change, and recalling with satisfaction and confidence your public expressions favorable to reform, and your official acts as the Chief Executive of the State of New York, we confidently commend this cause to your patriotic care in the exercise of the great power with which the American people have intrusted you. Respectfully yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, *President.*

WILLIAM POTTS, *Secretary.*

JOHN JAY,	MORRILL WYMAN, JUN.,
MOORFIELD STOREY,	CARL SCHURZ,
J. HALL PLEASANTS,	SILAS W. BURT,
W. W. MONTGOMERY,	A. R. MACDONOUGH,
EVERETT P. WHEELER,	WILLIAM CARY SANGER,
FREDERIC CROMWELL,	WILLIAM W. AIKIN,

Executive Committee.

MR. CLEVELAND'S REPLY.

ALBANY, *December 25, 1884.*

Hon. George William Curtis, President, etc.:

DEAR SIR,—Your communication, dated December 20, addressed to me on behalf of the National Civil Service Reform League, has been received.

That a practical reform in the civil service is demanded is abundantly established by the fact that a statute, referred to in your communication, to secure such a result, has been passed in Congress with the assent of both political parties, and by the further fact that a sentiment is generally prevalent among patriotic people calling for the fair and honest enforcement of the law which has been thus enacted. I regard myself pledged to this, because my conception of true Democratic faith and public duty requires that this and all other statutes should be in good faith and without evasion enforced, and because in many utterances made prior to my election as President, approved by the party to which I belong, and which I have no disposition to disclaim, I have in effect promised the people that this should be done.

I am not unmindful of the fact, to which you refer, that many of our citizens fear that the recent party change in the national Executive may demonstrate that the abuses which have grown up in the civil service are ineradicable. I know that they are deeply rooted, and that the spoils system has been supposed to be intimately related to success in the maintenance of party organization, and I am not sure that all those who profess to be the friends of this reform will stand firmly among its advocates when they find it obstructing their way to patronage and place. But, fully appreciating the trust committed to my charge, no such consideration shall cause a relaxation on my part of an earnest effort to enforce this law.

There is a class of government positions which are not within the letter of the civil service statute, but which are so disconnected with the policy of an administration that the removal therefrom of present incumbents, in my opinion, should not be made during the terms for which they were appointed solely on partisan grounds, and for the purpose of putting in their places those who are in political accord with the appointing power. But many now holding such positions have forfeited all just claim to retention because they have used their places for party purposes in disregard of their duty to the people, and because, instead of being decent public servants, they have proved themselves offensive partisans and unscrupulous manipulators of local party management. The lessons of the past should be unlearned, and such officials, as well as their successors, should be taught that efficiency, fitness, and devotion to public duty are the conditions of their continuance in public place, and that the quiet and unobtrusive exercise of individual political rights is the reasonable measure of their party service.

If I were addressing none but party friends I should deem it entirely proper to remind them that though the coming administration is to be Democratic, a due regard for the people's interest does not permit faithful party work to be always rewarded by appointment to office, and to say to them that while Democrats may expect all proper consideration, selections for office not embraced within the civil service rules will be based upon sufficient inquiry as to fitness, instituted by those charged with that duty, rather than upon persistent importunity or self-solicited recommendations on behalf of candidates for appointment.

Yours, very truly, GROVER CLEVELAND.

PERSONAL.

MR. FRANK D. MILLET's water-color painting "No Unwelcome Guest" is described by the London *News* as "an admirably painted interior, showing all the draughtsman's skill, acquired by practice in black and white, combined with a greater feeling for color than has yet been visible in his productions. His management of light, skillful painting of various white surfaces and bright atmospheres, reminds us strongly of DE HOOGH's marvellous interiors, and presents a strong contrast to that sooty blackness of a section of the Belgian school which appears to exercise an unfortunate attraction upon some of our rising artists."

—The death of General HANCOCK's son, RUSSELL HANCOCK, leaves that distinguished soldier childless, his only daughter having died eleven years ago, of typhoid fever, at the age of eighteen. Mr. HANCOCK, his wife, and children were returning to their plantation in Mississippi, after a visit to the General, when he was stricken down by pneumonia near Clarksville, in that State. The widow is a daughter of Mr. NICHOLAS GWYNN, of this city. General HANCOCK is, we believe, the only unsuccessful Presidential candidate who came out of a heated political campaign without loss of public respect and affection.

—The Authors' Club gave a reception on New-Year's Eve to the Tile Club and Mr. EDMUND GOSSE in its new rooms, No. 19 West Twenty-fourth Street. A number of other distinguished guests were present also, and the occasion was one of social interest.

—A wide circle of friends has been saddened by the news of the death of that eminent clergyman, the Rev. Dr. NOAH HUNT SCHENCK, rector of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn. Dr. SCHENCK was as successful on the platform as in the pulpit, and his social position in this country somewhat resembled that of the leading deans of the Established Church of England. He died early in the morning of Sunday, the 4th inst., at the age of 59. His illness was general physical prostration.

—Newport is as fashionable a resort in winter as in summer, and a more brilliant ball was never given in the Casino than that organized on New-Year's Eve by Mrs. J. N. A. GRISWOLD, Mrs. T. R. HUNTER, Mrs. E. C. CUSHMAN, Mrs. D. A. PELL, Mrs. WALTER L. KANE, Mrs. CHARLES M. OELRICHS, Mrs. STUYVESANT LEROY, Mrs. HENRY TURNBULL, and other leading cottagers.

—The celebrated pianist FRANZ LISZT, who has long been unable to use his eyes in reading and writing, has partly recovered the health of those useful organs.

—In accordance with her dying wish, Miss ANNA M. TEWES, of Baltimore, was carried to her grave by eight young lady friends, each of whom held her coffin with one hand, and a lily with the other. They were dressed in white satin, with wreaths of white flowers on their heads, and white flowing veils. The funeral service was conducted by her two brothers, who are Catholic priests.

—The Queen of England will not lose her daughter BEATRICE by marriage. After the nuptials the Princess will continue to live with her mother. The young man's name is Prince HENRY of Battenberg.

—Miss E. T. MORGAN, formerly of New York, who has been teaching successfully in various cities of the South, has, according to the Nashville *American*, built up a school in the healthful regions of the Cumberland table-lands in Tennessee, practical education in its largest and widest sense being the chief object in view. She had become convinced that the public-school system of the North would be inefficient in the sparsely settled sections of the State. Influential citizens propose to ask the Legislature to make some substantial recognition of her school.

—Mr. LABOUCHERE received from a charitable person eight thousand new sixpences for distribution on Christmas among the children of the hospitals and work-houses. He faithfully executed the trust. So far as the happiness conferred by the gift is concerned, the money was as effective as eight thousand gold sovereigns would have been.

—LOUIS PHILIPPE, according to the CROKER papers, once dined with ROBESPIERRE, and reported that the latter spoke only one sentence during the meal, namely, "I shall never get married." As an orator, ROBESPIERRE was "confused and tedious."

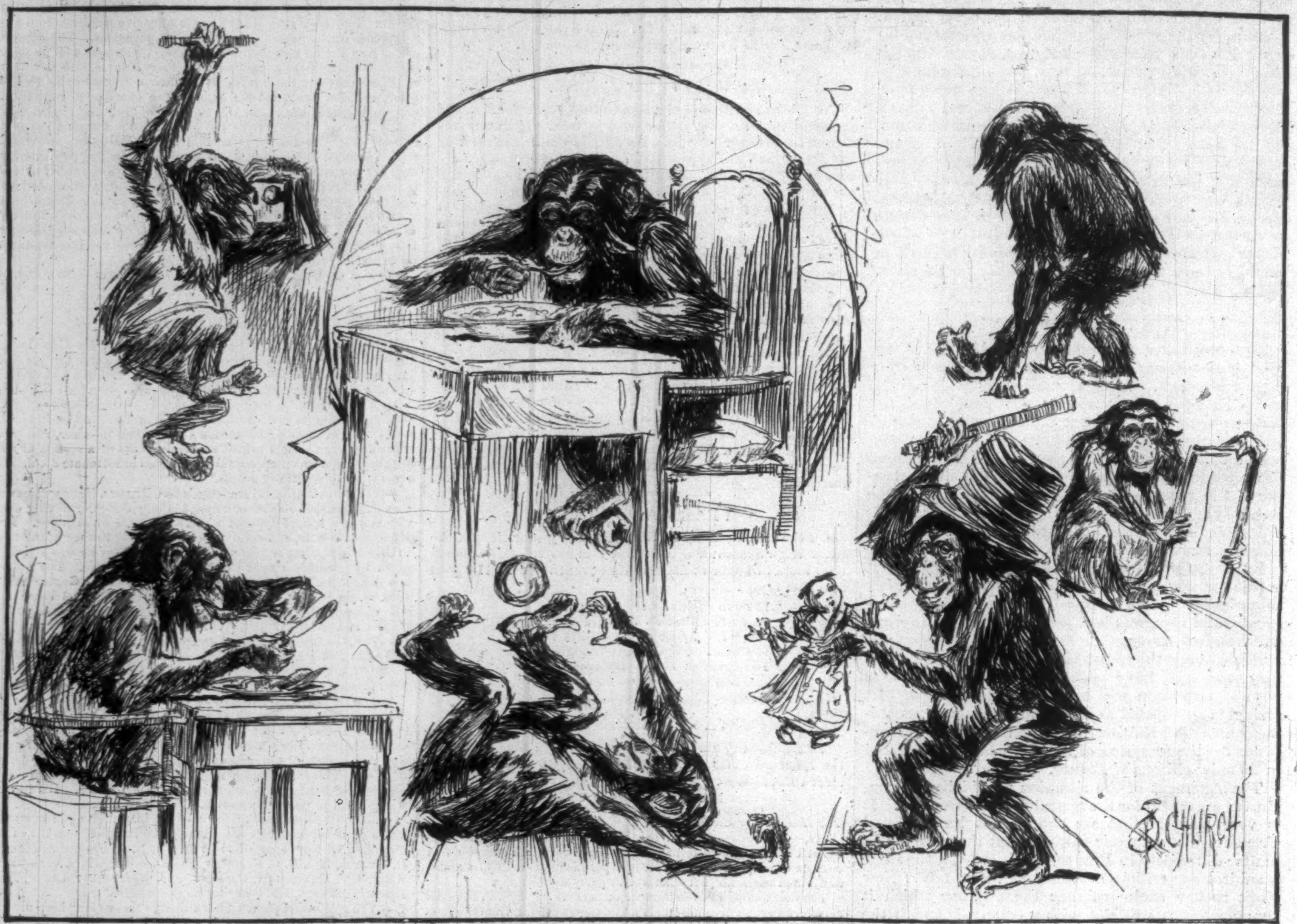
—M. LUDOVIC HALÉVY, whose portrait is given on page 28, one of the newly elected French Academicians, is well known in Europe and this country as a talented and successful writer of plays, several of which have been adapted to the American stage. He was born in 1834. Outside of his literary labors M. HALÉVY has occupied various positions in the government service, and in 1864 was made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

—M. JULES CLARÉTIE is writing a novel called *L'Américaine*, and in order to make it thoroughly representative of the American woman, his ideal of the heroine is founded upon the life and surroundings of Miss LILLIAN RUSSELL.

—Mr. BRANDER MATTHEWS's admirable edition of SHERIDAN's comedies has found a discriminating admirer in the *Saturday Review*, although Mr. MATTHEWS has never been other than an American citizen.

—The dressmaking establishment of M. WORTH in Paris has added to its attractions a *salon des Amazones*, that is to say, a room where a dummy horse is kept, which a blonde attendant helps ladies to mount, with the object of fitting and adjusting their riding-habits. The walls are hung with green velvet, and the ornamentation consists largely of saddles, whips, stirrups, spurs, and bridles.

—*Saturday Review*: "It is bad enough very often to have the genuine letters of a great man published, but at least it is desirable to guard against spurious imitations of professional forgers. Only the other day an illustration was given in the life of Mr. WHITTIER of the kind of legend which may pass current among the stupid part of the public. A circumstantial story of how THACKERAY fuddled himself at his club in company with WHITTIER (whom, as it happens, he had never seen, and who has never been in England) has, it seems, been going the rounds of the American press. When *Jane Eyre* was a new book one of our most eminent reviews did not scruple to give currency to the impossible story that its author was a discarded governess of THACKERAY, who had stood for Becky Sharp, and revenged herself by a portrait of THACKERAY as Rochester."



STUDIES OF "MR. CROWLEY"—THE CHIMPANZEE IN THE CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE.—Drawn by F. S. Church.—[See Page 22.]

"YELPING" UP WILD TURKEYS.—Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.—[See Page 30.]

ADRIAN VIDAL.*

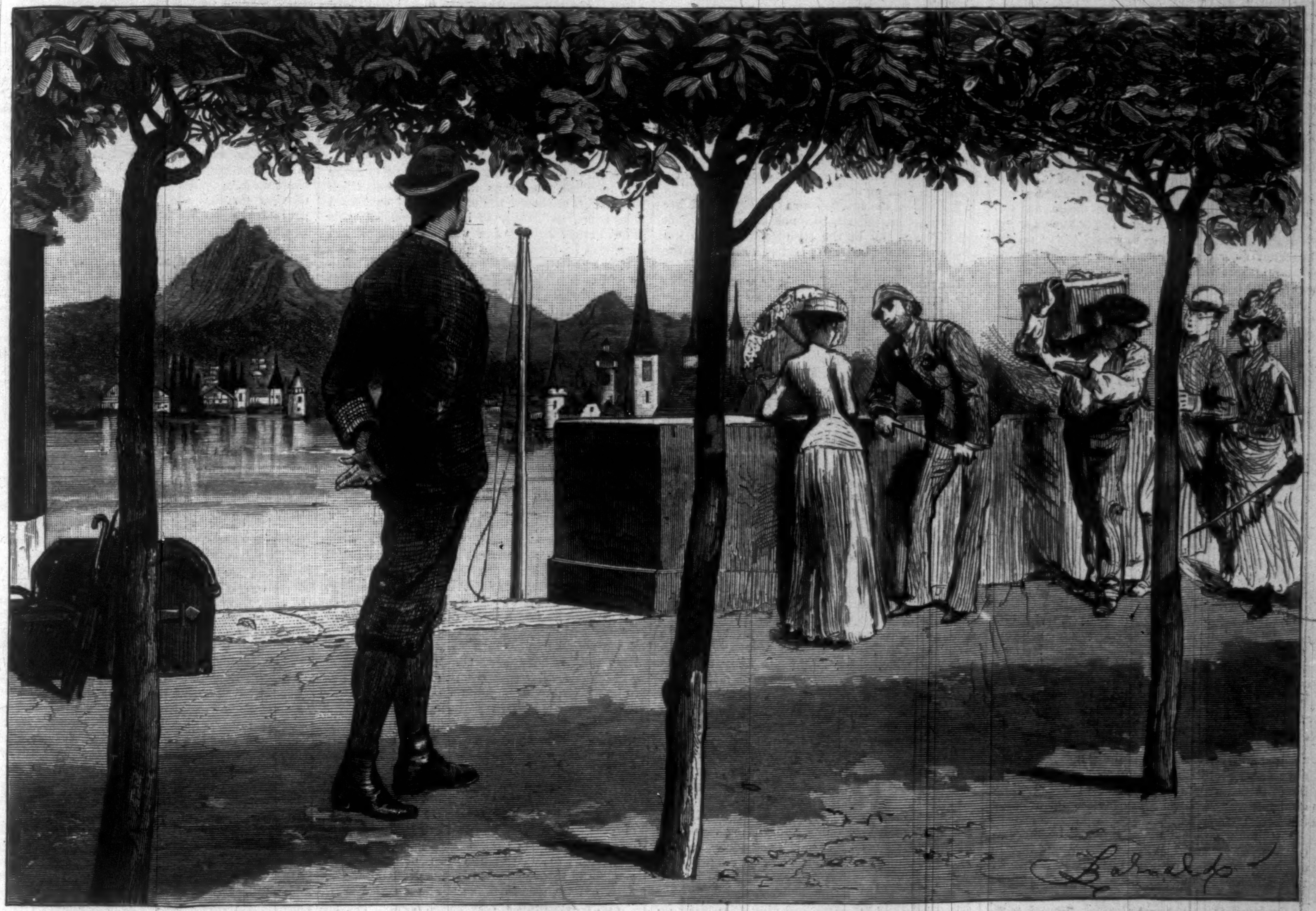
By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. de Mersac," "Thirlby Hall," etc.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER DINNER.

As it turned out, there was no need for the ceremony which Vidal had made up his mind to solicit. When the table d'hôte was at an end, the greater part of the assemblage, including those five members of it with whom we have to do, trooped out to the colonnade in front of the hotel to listen to the band; and so Vidal presently found himself seated beside Miss Irvine, who at once addressed him. What she said is hardly worth recording. The range of subjects upon which it is possible to open conversation with a total stranger does not afford much scope for originality, nor was Miss Irvine ambitious of achieving small effects. But Vidal was as much delighted with her natural ease of manner as with the soft contralto tones of her voice. For the present, he was quite content to exchange commonplaces with her, to establish the fact that she and he sympathized upon a variety of unimportant points, and to leave the question of a possible closer relation between them to the dim future. Nevertheless, his interest in his companion had so far deepened at the expiration of a quarter of an hour that it was with some considerable inward anxiety that he asked her whether she would be likely to remain a few days at Lucerne.



"HE WENT DOWN-STAIRS, AND SAUNTERED ACROSS THE ROAD TO THE HORSE-CHESTNUT ALLEY."

Mrs. Irvine, who had arrived at a hiatus in her colloquy with Heriot, answered the question. "Well, now, we must really talk this over," she said, bending forward, with her elbows on her knees. "We ought to do the place properly, now that we are here. Let me see—there's the Lion, and the bridge with the Dance of Death, and the organ at the Cathedral: a few hours would exhaust the town, I should say. But then, the Rigi railway—and perhaps Pilatus—and oughtn't we to go round the lake in a steamer? What do you think, Clare? Is it worth while to stay a day or two?"

"I don't think I care very much one way or the other," answered Miss Irvine, rather disappointingly, after a brief consideration of the matter.

"It would be a positive sin to leave the place without having been round the lake," struck in Vidal, eagerly. "You ought to devote three days, at the very least, to Lucerne. Could we not make up a party and see what there is to be seen? For my part, I should never forgive myself if I went away without having studied the Rigi railway. Now don't you agree with me, Heriot?"

"I am afraid," said Heriot, "that I am rather inclined to agree with Miss Irvine: I don't care much one way or the other. Still, I am quite ready to do what everybody else wishes."

Neither his words nor his tone were quite as amiable as usual, and Vidal wondered why. If Heriot had not been Heriot, it would almost have looked as though the green-eyed monster were at work. But for more reasons than one that surmise was inadmissible, and presently it seemed to strike the last speaker that he had been wanting in cordiality, for he added, briskly, "Of course I should enjoy having a day or two with you, Adrian: and though I have seen the Lake of Lucerne before, other people haven't. I suppose there is no need for you to hurry home, is there, Mrs. Irvine?"

"Well, no doubt they would be able to get on without me for a few days longer," replied that lady, making the admission a trifle unwillingly. "There are heaps of things that I must see about as soon as I get back; but, after all, two days is only forty-eight hours—or indeed one may say only about sixteen, making deductions for sleeping and eating. Suppose we put it to the vote. Mr. Vidal is in favor of our remaining; Clare and Mr. Heriot are indifferent; so that unless I vote with the ayes we shall get no decision. Very well, then we will consider the motion carried."

It did not appear to have occurred to anybody to inquire the opinion of Mr. Irvine, who had drifted away aimlessly into the darkness some time before, and had not re-appeared. In a few minutes the ladies withdrew, and no sooner were they out of earshot than Vidal broke forth into impetuous praise of Miss Irvine's beauty.

"My dear Heriot, why didn't you mention her when you were talking about them before dinner? She is far and away the most exquisite creature I ever beheld!"

"Yes, she is a beautiful girl," said Heriot, rather dryly.

"And as good as she is beautiful, I am sure."

"Oh, well, that would be saying a great deal, wouldn't it? To the best of my belief, she is neither better nor worse than the generality of young ladies who have not been very long out of the school-room. No; that is not quite true: she is better than the generality in some respects; for there is a freshness and innocency about her which—"

"Well?" asked Vidal; for Heriot had come to a full stop.

"Which, in the nature of things, can't last much longer—more's the pity. If I were you, Adrian, I wouldn't flirt with her. She doesn't understand the game yet, and why should you be the one to teach it to her?"

Now Vidal had a theory, founded upon experience, that the game of flirtation is one in which no woman, however young, stands in need of an instructor. He did not, however, even inwardly, seek to apply it in the present instance, but contented himself with an energetic disclaimer of the intention attributed to him.

"Surely," he exclaimed, "I may be permitted to admire respectfully what no man with eyes in his head could help admiring! And really I don't know why you should take it for granted that Miss Irvine would condescend to flirt with me, if I wished her to do so. But I don't wish anything of the kind."

Heriot smiled. He was quite conscious of the absurdity of his appeal, but he had not found himself able to resist making it. "How long are you going to be in Switzerland?" he asked, with an abrupt change of subject.

"Well, I thought about a month; but I may stay longer, if I find solitude conducive to work. You see, Heriot, I don't quite know yet whether it is in me to write a good novel, and I want to make sure and to give myself every chance. I didn't do my utmost with that last book; I doubt whether I should do my utmost with this one if I were in London, liable to constant interruptions. It is true that the brain is apt to grow sluggish when one has no company to keep one alive; but whether that disadvantage isn't partly compensated for by—"

"I beg your pardon," broke in a deprecating voice; "but can you tell me whether this is the principal inn of the place? I have lost my way, and can not at this moment recall the name of my hotel. The Soldierhof—or Shoulderhof—or—"

"Try Schweizerhof," suggested Heriot. "Your instinct has led you to the right place, Mr. Irvine; and I shall be delighted to show you the way up to your room."

Perhaps he was not altogether sorry to escape the end of a dissertation to which not even the most devoted of friends could be expected to listen without some degree of boredom.

CHAPTER IV.

MISS IRVINE.

When Vidal woke on the following morning the sunshine was streaming into his room. Lucerne had been up and about for hours. The church bells were ringing; the steamers were blowing their hoarse whistles; from the quay without came guttural shouts, and from the corridors within the tramp of departing travellers and the banging of heavy trunks. But Vidal no longer anathematized this unending turmoil. On the contrary, so completely was this young man's judgment at the mercy of a mood that he actually found something cheerful and exhilarating in the signs of surrounding life and movement that were thus borne to him; and so far from stigmatizing his fellow-tourists as "vile," would, upon the slightest provocation, have been quite willing to shake hands with them all round.

He got up and threw open his window. The deep blue lake was like a mirror in some places, and flecked with passing breezes in others; nearer to the shore every wavelet was a flashing diamond; the sky overhead was unclouded; but up the sides of the distant mountains light mists were curling and vanishing. Evidently there was going to be glorious weather, and Vidal, being in such good humor, determined that, as a reward for having worked so hard of late, he should have two whole days of idleness and enjoyment—or, upon Mrs. Irvine's calculation, sixteen hours, making deductions for food and sleep. Perhaps, even, it would not be necessary to subtract so long a time, since meals are not generally eaten in solitude, and many people like to sit up late when the nights are fine and the moon at the full.

All this only shows with what alarming rapidity a susceptible man will jump to conclusions; for assuredly it was neither by himself, nor with Heriot, nor even with Mrs. Irvine, that our young friend looked forward to contemplating the moon. He dressed after a leisurely, dawdling fashion, pausing every now and again to lean out of the window and look down upon the clipped horse-chestnut alley beneath, and upon the passers-by. And so it befell that, during one of these pauses, he became aware of a lady seated upon the low wall beside the lake. This lady wore a dress of white serge, and was sitting sideways, in such a manner as to display one of the neatest boots that ever gladdened the eyes of an appreciative spectator. Unfortunately, she carried a large sunshade, which concealed the upper part of her person; but, although Vidal had never seen the dress before in his life, and could not have sworn to the boot, he felt no doubt at all as to the identity of the wearer. He remained watching her patiently until a change of posture caused her to raise her sunshade for a moment, and revealed the head of Miss Irvine, surmounted by one of those straw sailor hats which are becoming even to plain women, and when worn by pretty ones are simply irresistible.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1464.

After that glimpse, there was clearly only one thing to be done. Vidal performed the remainder of his toilet with the utmost dispatch, and was upon the point of running down-stairs and crossing the road, when he was arrested by a most unpleasing spectacle. Taking a last glance out of the window, he perceived that Miss Irvine had altered her position. She now had her back turned toward him, and was leaning over the wall, while beside her, in a similar attitude, was a tall individual, whose get-up, as far as could be discerned, was that of a modern young Englishman of fashion.

"So much for child-like innocence and ignorance of the wicked ways of men!" was Vidal's hasty and unjust comment upon what he saw. "I might have known that young ladies don't get up at eight o'clock in the morning for nothing."

So he threw himself down in the arm-chair, and decided that he wouldn't take a holiday, after all. What! make one of a party to circumnavigate that weary lake and talk to a tedious old woman, while the daughter was amusing herself with her long-legged admirer? Hardly! No; he would go for a long walk into the country all by himself, and cease to trouble his head about people whom he was most unlikely ever to meet again. But it was not in Vidal's nature to sit and sulk in a corner long, and after a time he began to see that he was behaving very foolishly. Was it to be supposed that Miss Irvine could have reached her present age (she looked about twenty) without having had a single admirer? And because she allowed her admirers to speak to her, did it follow that she reciprocated their admiration or made appointments with them? Again, why should not the gentleman with the long legs be her brother or her cousin? Finally, what the deuce did it matter to him—Vidal—who or what the fellow might be?

Having reached the conclusion that it didn't matter in the least, he went down-stairs and sauntered across the road to the horse-chestnut alley, beneath which Miss Irvine and the unknown were still standing. Of course it would never do to interrupt their conversation; but Vidal thought he would just walk slowly past, and she could see him or not, as she pleased.

He duly executed this manœuvre, with the result that Miss Irvine not only saw him, but was evidently pleased into the bargain. She smiled, nodded, and when the young man made as though he would have passed on, stopped him with a gesture.

"Are you taking an early constitutional?" she asked. It struck Vidal that she was rather anxious for the company of a third person.

Her interlocutor, it appeared, did not share this anxiety. "Well, good-by, Miss Irvine," he said. "I hope we may meet in England before long; and if not—well, perhaps you will let me hear from you."

He was a broad-shouldered, fresh-complexioned man of five or six and thirty, with a loud but not disagreeable voice. Miss Irvine shook hands with him, but made no audible reply, and he strode over to the hotel without bestowing a glance upon the new-comer, who, on the other hand, had carefully taken stock of him.

"Is it not a perfect morning?" Miss Irvine began. "Have you breakfasted yet?—and are you going to do anything particular to-day? My mother has gone off to inspect the bridges; but she told me that if I saw you or Mr. Heriot, I was to let you know that we think of starting at twelve o'clock to make the tour of the lake. She hoped you might be inclined to come with us."

There was a certain hurry and nervousness in the girl's manner which Vidal did not fail to notice; but he had been too much pleased at hearing of the stranger's imminent departure for England to care whether he was or was not a suitor for Miss Irvine's hand.

"I should enjoy it of all things," he answered, heartily; "and I am sure Heriot will like to come," he added, with a disingenuousness of which he ought to have been ashamed. "The face of your friend who was here just now seems to be familiar to me—and yet I am not sure. His name isn't—isn't Parker, is it?"

"No," answered Miss Irvine, calmly; "his name isn't Parker." She had raised her eyes, with just the faintest shade of surprise in them, to those of her questioner. She did not exhibit any of the embarrassment which he had half expected, and he felt that it was he who was looking rather foolish.

"Oh!" he murmured, confusedly; "I—I thought perhaps it was."

"He is a Mr. Wilbraham, whom we met last winter," Miss Irvine said. "Do you know him?"

"No; I must have been mistaken. One person is so like another."

"So papa always says; and perhaps, now that you mention it, Mr. Wilbraham's *is* rather a common type of face. Would you care to walk as far as the bridge with me? I think I had better go and find my mother."

Vidal made use of no conventional figure of speech when he replied that he should be delighted. Nothing, indeed, could have been more delightful to him than Miss Irvine's society; and the matter-of-course way in which she offered it convinced him that his first impression of her had been correct, and that her beauty was equalled only by her simplicity.

"I am so glad that we are going to stay a day or two here," she said, after they had proceeded a few yards on their way. "I suppose we should have been starting now, if we had made up our minds to go straight home. How horrid it would have been!"

"You said last night that you didn't care whether you staid or not," remarked Vidal.

She laughed. "Well, I couldn't tell that it was going to be such a fine day. Besides, all sorts of things may happen to prevent one from enjoying an excursion. Tiresome people may turn up, for instance; and there is no possibility of escape from them on board a steamer."

This was most satisfactory. "Tiresome people" obviously meant Mr. Wilbraham; and since it seemed to be implied that he had turned up unexpectedly, there was no occasion to harbor any further feeling of malice against the poor man. Vidal's spirits, which had hitherto been a trifle depressed, now fully recovered their tone; and if his companion did not find him clever and amusing, she must have been singularly insensible to qualities which had made this fortunate fellow a general favorite, from his boyhood up.

So these two passed on through sunlight and shade till they reached the old covered bridge, where Mrs. Irvine, with "Murray" in her hands and her chin in the air, was laboriously examining the quaint triangular paintings overhead, and endeavoring to decipher the crabbed German characters of the legend which each scene bore, inscribed beneath it.

"Oh, here you are at last, Clare!" she exclaimed. "And you have brought Mr. Vidal with you, which is such a comfort, because I am sure he understands German better than I do. Now, Mr. Vidal, will you explain this to me? It is most interesting, and Murray gives one no sort of help. 'Scenes relating to the history of the town,' he says, or something of that kind. Just enough to excite one's curiosity without gratifying it, you know."

"Well, Mrs. Irvine," answered Vidal, with great presence of mind, "the fact is that some of the subjects are not *quite*—that is, it is better not to inquire into them too closely."

"Good gracious me, you don't say so!" exclaimed the good lady. "I should never have supposed that from the look of them. Clare, we had better seek out your father and keep him until the boat starts, or he will be sure to wander off somewhere and lose himself! Never mind the pictures: they have no artistic merit—not a bit worth looking at."

With that she bustled away, carrying off her daughter, who, indeed, had not been looking at the pictures, but at the rushing blue-green waters of the Reuss beneath; and so Vidal got home to breakfast.

The prospect of spending six or seven consecutive hours on board a lake steamer in company which demands a more or less incessant flow of conversation is one from which the generality of mankind may well shrink appalled. Silence is the prerogative of intimacy; to acquaintances of recent date you are bound to go on talking; and unless you are blessed with an exceptionally fertile brain, the result is but too certain. Economize your stock of subjects as you may, it must needs run dry at last; you search in vain for fresh ones; then a numbing sense of lassitude steals over you, and finally comes the inevitable moment when Nature asserts herself, and you yawn undisguisedly in the face of your neighbor, whose jaws fly open in ready sympathy. But there are certain persons who are strangers to such dismal experiences, and Adrian Vidal was one of them. Solitude often bored him; society scarcely ever. He took a real interest not only in humanity at large, but in almost every individual whom he encountered; whence, no doubt, arose his great popularity. Like Abou ben Adhem, he might have cried, "Write me as one who loves his fellow-men," and the just system of reciprocity which prevails in all human affairs caused him to be beloved by them in return.

Therefore neither he nor the lady to whom he devoted himself through the greater part of that spring day found the time long or wished for a change of partners. Miss Irvine, it is true, was not very difficult to get on with, for she was predisposed in favor of the young author, to whom, shortly after the boat had left the quay, she began to speak of those literary ambitions which he might reasonably be supposed to cherish. She had not her mother's unflattering vagueness of impression as to Vidal's past achievements; she was well aware that he had as yet produced no book, charming or otherwise; but Heriot had shown her some of his articles, and these she had read with the reverence and admiration for printed matter which belong to youth.

"Do you know," she said, "you are the first author I have ever met? I think, if I were a man, I would rather be an author than anything else."

"But it is not necessary to be a man in order to be an author," remarked Vidal, "and I am afraid, if the truth were known, most men are only authors—at least, novelists—because they can't be anything else."

"I don't think you can mean that," said Miss Irvine—and in fact it is probable that he did not. "You surely would not place Dickens or Thackeray below a successful doctor or lawyer?"

"No; but perhaps the rank and file of our calling are rather below the rank and file of others. At all events, that is the common opinion. We are a discredited class, because the immense appetite for fiction causes hundreds of novels to pay their way which have no business to pay their way. Novel-writing is like every other art: it looks so easy, and it is so difficult! Only in other arts the failure is more apparent and more decisive; so that those who have mistaken their vocation find it out sooner."

"I suppose the great thing is to be very much in earnest over it," said the girl, thoughtfully.

"Exactly; that is the one indispensable condition. Art won't accept a divided allegiance. You must give yourself up to her wholly and entirely, or she will never allow you a chance of conquering her."

"Do you think art the only thing worth living for, then?"

Mr. Vidal was not prepared to go quite so far as that. He explained that he had been speaking only of a temporary self-surrender, and that he was well aware that life contained possibilities of happiness such as art could never bestow. But it would be hardly fair upon him to record any more of the sentiments to which he gave utterance upon this occasion. When a man is falling more and more deeply in love every minute, he must needs say things which would sound supremely ridiculous to an eavesdropper; and if Vidal was a little high-flown in his talk, it must be admitted that he met with a good deal of encouragement. Miss Irvine evidently did not find him ridiculous. She ignored his occasional lapses into sentimentality, but seemed willing to admit him to terms of confidential intimacy. She questioned him upon the subject of his family, and told him about her own home in Cornwall, and her six brothers, and the difficulty that there had been in providing that stalwart half-dozen with education and a start in life. "For we are not particularly well off," she added, simply.

Meanwhile Mrs. Irvine harangued the patient Heriot; and Mr. Irvine dozed in the shade; and the steamer pursued its zigzag course, crossing and recrossing the lake, passing beneath wooded cliffs, and stopping at villages where cattle were taken on board or disembarked, and where the huge hotels and *pensions* were as yet untenanted, until at last Flüelen was reached, and Vidal and Miss Irvine exclaimed, "Already!" in one breath.

Flüelen does not offer many attractions to the casual visitor; but Vidal long preserved, and perhaps still preserves, a grateful memory of the place. For the hour which had to be spent there before the steamer started on its return voyage proved one of the pleasantest that had fallen to his lot in a life composed largely of pleasant hours. Mr. Irvine expressed his intention of drinking a cup of tea quietly at the inn; and his wife, after consulting Murray, found that she could keep him company without neglecting her duty. "If you want to walk about, Clare," she said, "I dare say Mr. Heriot or Mr. Vidal will be kind enough to look after you."

To this appeal Heriot did not see fit to make any response; and thus the conversation which had begun on board the steamer was continued with even less danger of interruption. By this time Vidal's subjugation was an accomplished fact, and he knew it and gloried in it. In Miss Irvine he saw not merely a girl of singular beauty and charm of manner, but far more than that—nothing less, indeed, than the Ideal Woman. He recognized in her the embodiment of all the virtues which are supposed to be especially feminine—purity of mind, charity, sympathy with the afflicted, devotion to her family. It must be confessed that she obtained this recognition upon tolerably easy terms, and that Vidal was satisfied to draw inferences where people of more mature years might have demanded tangible proofs; but perhaps in this he did not differ greatly from other lovers; nor was it very wonderful that such simple things as a few kind words spoken to a cripple, and some coppers bestowed upon a beggar at the church door should have served him as a foot upon which to mould a Hercules. Moreover, as it happened, he was not very far wrong in his inductions, and if he could have made inquiries down in Cornwall he would have heard from many mouths a description of Clare Irvine enthusiastic enough to have fulfilled even his high expectations. That there might be nothing wanting in her, she had a touch of melancholy in her manner at times, and a dreamy look in her eyes, which seemed to suggest unsatisfied yearnings. It would not have been consonant with Vidal's conception of her that she should have been altogether happy, although he had not yet quite reached the length of picturing himself as the one thing lacking to give her life completeness.

After they had wandered through the streets of the little town into the country beyond, and when the bell of the steamer had warned them that it was time to retrace their steps, she asked Vidal to gather a handful of wild crocuses for her; whereupon he begged for one of the flowers for himself. "I should like to have some memento of to-day," he said.

The girl glanced at him for a moment with a grave and rather startled look, and then laughed, as if not wishing to make too much of a trifle. "Yes, it has been a very pleasant day," she answered, but did not give him the flower.

He was rather sorry that he had committed the indiscretion of asking for it when he perceived the effect produced by his request; for after that she became perceptibly less communicative, and contrived so to arrange matters that he had to listen to Mrs. Irvine's descriptions of Roman society the whole way back to Lucerne. Disappointing as this was, Vidal submitted to his fate with resignation and good-humor; and perhaps it was just as well for him that he did so. Talking him over later in the evening with Heriot, Mrs. Irvine pronounced him to be one of the most delightful and intelligent young men she had ever met, adding that she had a very great mind to prolong their sojourn at Lucerne by another day, as he had entreated her to do.

Heriot looked a little doubtful, and said, "Well, if you think it would be wise." But as Mrs. Irvine did not understand him, and as he hardly liked to be more explicit, the extra day was granted, and an excursion to the Lake of Zug added several more hours of sunshine and bliss to the credit side of Vidal's account with time.

But on the third day, unhappily, the sunshine vanished. The mountains were shrouded in woolly clouds, across the gray lake showers came sweeping at intervals, and only one of the party had the hardihood to assert that it would be worth while to go up the Rigi in such weather.

"You see," Vidal said, "it isn't for the sake of the mountain, which is a cockneyfied sort of place at the best of times; and the view—well, of course, there are people who admire a panoramic view, but I really don't think we need regret the loss of that very much. What I am sure that you would regret most deeply, Mrs. Irvine, would be to have missed seeing the railway. Gradients of one in four—just think of that!"

"Can't we sit still and revel in the thought of a gradient of one in four without getting wet through?" suggested Heriot.

"My dear fellow, it's one of those things that must be seen to be realized. Besides, the railway carriages are covered."

Mrs. Irvine showed signs of wavering. "The worst of it is that one is sure to meet such heaps of friends who have done it, and who will pretend that it was the most exciting experience of their lives," she murmured.

"Exactly so," said Vidal; "and, after all, the only alternative is to stay in-doors all day. For my part, I shouldn't be at all surprised if it were to clear up in the afternoon."

His representations were strengthened by a timely break in the clouds, and also—somewhat unexpectedly—by Mr. Irvine, whose soul was thirsting after an illuminated missal which he had unearthed in a curiosity shop, and who wished to be removed from temptation. The consequence was that, although the weather became worse instead of improving, the strongest will carried the day, and five travellers in mackintoshes and water-proofs disembarked at Weggis that afternoon. All that Heriot had been able to obtain, by way of compromise, was that, since there could be nothing whatever to be gained by ascending to the top of the mountain, they should content themselves with going as far as Kaltbad, and returning by the next train. Thus, he said, they might hope to accomplish their purpose with a minimum of misery.

As for Vidal, he saw no question of misery in the matter. It is true that he did not derive any particular satisfaction from standing under the dripping awning of the steamer, nor even from the curious sensation of being dragged in a railway carriage up an incline steeper than the steepest of high roads; but what he thought was that, when once they had reached their destination, Miss Irvine might perhaps be disposed to take a short walk, upon the chance of catching a glimpse of view through the clouds, and he insisted a great deal upon the probability that at a certain height the rain would be replaced by mist.

Both of these expectations were justified by the event. At Kaltbad, where there is a gigantic hotel, empty in the month of May, but crowded later in the season, nothing worse was encountered than a nipping cold air and a dense white fog; and when the three elders had grouped themselves round the stove, expressing their unalterable determination not to move thence until the train should come to take them down, it required but a very little exercise of diplomacy to carry out the remainder of the programme.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"MR. CROWLEY."

Believers in the Darwinian theory have derived great comfort from watching the child-like actions of Remus, the young chimpanzee, one of the latest and most valuable additions to the Central Park Museum of Natural History. Whatever may be his relations to the human race, he certainly stands many degrees above his cousins of the monkey tribe in points of intelligence and gentle manners. There is an air of simple dignity about all that he does which reminds one forcibly of a well-bred child, or, to state it more definitely, his tricks do not seem the result of blind obedience to the teaching he has received, but rather to be the natural expression of a reasoning mind.

How much of this is due to early training and how much to inborn intelligence it would perhaps be hard to determine. Anatomically, the chimpanzee is said to be the highest species of the apes, because its skeleton more closely resembles that of a man than any other of the monkey family. The adult measures about five feet in height. Its body is covered with long blackish hair, which is thick upon the back, but scant upon the fore part of the body; at the sides of the head the hair is rather long, and hangs down in the form of whiskers; the eyes are rather small, but very tender and expressive; the lips are thick, and admit of great protrusion; the hands and feet are nearly naked, and the hairs of the fore-arm are directed toward the elbow.

Remus is a native of the west coast of Africa, and was brought to the Rev. Mr. Smythe, the United States Minister to Liberia, when about six weeks old. Even at that early age his strangely babyish ways attracted attention, and instead of being relegated to a cage in the kitchen, the usual fate of pet monkeys, he was given in charge of the nurse, and was brought up in the nursery, eating, sleeping, and playing with Mr. Smythe's children until he came to be regarded as a sort of unfortunate younger brother rather than an animal. Mr. Smythe gave him the name of Remus, and he had no more difficulty in learning it than the children had in knowing theirs. Even now, after he has learned to answer to the name of Crowley, which was fastened upon him through a misunderstanding on the part of Mr. Cook, his attendant, he will turn quickly and look at you, with his soft eyes full of mute inquiry, if his old name is mentioned.

When Mr. Smythe returned from Liberia he brought Remus with him, and here again the little fellow's good fortune followed him. Mr. Smythe paid for a first cabin passage for him, and he was given all the rights and privileges of a human child, and it must be said to his credit that few children could have behaved better. Arrived here, Mr. Smythe presented him to the museum at Central Park—a valuable gift, for the little fellow is valued at between two and three thousand dollars. He is now the object of especial solicitude on the part of Mr. Conkling, the superintendent, and Mr. Cook, his keeper, and it has lately been found necessary to transfer him from the monkey-house to the superintendent's office, where he can be kept more quiet and more easily

protected from the cold. Here he lives like a young prince, his every wish anticipated, and every possible provision being made for his comfort and amusement.

He evidently appreciates all this attention, for he is one of the most affectionate little fellows that ever lived, and seems to be perfectly devoted to his two human friends.

Probably the most interesting time to see Remus is when he is eating his dinner. When he sees Mr. COOK coming with his bowl of boiled rice and milk he climbs into his chair beside his little table, takes the spoon in his right hand, the napkin in his left, and eats in a grave and decorous manner which is extremely comical. The use of the napkin does not, however, come natural to him, for if the keeper is not watching he much prefers to remove any drops of milk from his beard with his arm, after the fashion of the vulgar who persist in wiping their mouth with their coat sleeve.

After he has satisfied his appetite he sits gazing meditatively at the spectators and sipping a spoonful of milk from time to time; he finally clambers from his chair and goes over to the keeper to have his hands and face washed and his hair combed—an action which is plainly the result of reason on his part, as he seems to have a foppish vanity in his personal appearance.

It would be useless to attempt any description of his ever-varying tricks. One of his most human actions is the care and intelligence with which he rolls himself in his blanket, and, laying his head upon his arm, goes to sleep like a tired child. And again, his manner of looking at you just as if he was about to speak is so pathetic as to be almost painful. It is to be hoped that he will live through the winter, for, learning as he is more rapidly than the average child of his age, it becomes an interesting problem as to how long before he will distance his human cousin in the matter of knowledge.

OUR CURRENCY FOR THE LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

I.

WHAT OUR CURRENCY WAS IN 1860.—SOME OF THE LAWS OF SOUND CURRENCY.

IT will tend to ultimate convenience and clearness if we begin by defining some of the terms which we must use. The definitions shall not be technical or controversial, but shall serve simply to inform the reader in what sense some terms are used which are employed by different writers in different senses.

Currency is properly a very wide term for all media of exchange, but we shall use it to include those in most universal use, viz., specie, bank notes, treasury notes (commonly called greenbacks), and gold or silver certificates. Of these things specie alone is a commodity and an independent object of value. We shall use the term "money" only for specie currency. The other things mentioned are forms of paper currency which carry promises to pay money, and are evidences of debt, or they serve by their delivery to assign and transfer ownership of money deposited. Within the period of twenty-five years, covering the suspension and resumption of specie payments, we have used bank notes and treasury notes which were inconvertible; that is, they bore promises to pay which were not fulfilled, and bore evidences of debts which the debtor was not ready to pay. There was nowhere any specie or other thing of value held to redeem the promise, although it was due on demand. When one holder of such a piece of paper gave it to another he transferred and assigned the right to have the promise fulfilled. That process continued until some arrangement was made for keeping the promise and paying the debt. This species of currency might properly be called paper money; that is, paper which has entirely supplanted money and usurped its functions. We have also seen the same bank notes and treasury notes made convertible, and as such maintained in circulation; that is, with a certain percentage of specie held for their redemption. Gold and silver certificates are issued only upon a deposit of coin. Ownership of the coin is assigned by delivery of the certificates. If the coins are drawn out, the certificates are cancelled, and disappear.

When the civil war broke out, the currency of the country consisted almost exclusively of about two hundred million dollars in bank notes, nominally convertible, issued by banks which had about twice that amount of capital and less than half that amount of specie. The banks were organized under State laws, which varied from State to State as regarded the regulations, conditions, and restrictions under which bank-note issues were made. Consequently the quality of the notes varied greatly from one State to another. In the great Eastern centres of commerce the bank-note currency was fairly good. It was probably better just when the war broke out than five years earlier, for the crisis of 1857 had been a banking crisis, and its lessons had not yet been forgotten. The banks at the commercial centres had to meet any demand for export. In the country districts the actual demand for conversion of the notes was very small, and there was constant temptation to push the issues as far as possible. Sometimes notes were loaned on a special contract that they should have "a good circulation"; that is, that they should be carried far from home before being put in circulation. There were some good local systems of redemption between banks, but these never availed to keep the currency up to the standard even in the East. In the West, at the period mentioned, the bank notes were of very unequal value, and the currency as a whole was in confusion. The new States, feeling intensely the need of capital, and overlooking the gulf which separates capital from credit currency, had allowed a mischievous system of paper-money banking to grow up amongst them. The tradition of the misery of that time is still strong in the West, and explains much of the strength of "Greenbackism." People would rather have inconvertible paper government issues which are uniform than the notes of hundreds of banks of varying and all of doubtful credit.

When a bank issues a note, it does just what an individual does when he "issues" his note—it borrows capital. If it holds cash equal to its notes, it loses interest on the cash capital, and wins interest on its notes. The notes are, then, simply a convenience, and, since they cost little, the interest obtained for them is really due to the cash capital. If the bank lends both the cash capital and the notes, it gets double interest on its capital. If it lends the notes and part of the cash, reserving the rest of the cash to meet demands, it wins double interest less the interest on its cash reserve. The banks of 1860, especially the country banks, kept a very small reserve. All the banks taken together held in specie about forty per cent. of their circulation.

If a colony should be formed, it would be compelled either to endure the inconveniences of barter or to get money. Its exportable products would be sold for gold prices, in the world's market, according to supply and demand. Its non-exportable products would have to conform to the same prices, because, if they did not, the people would abandon less profitable enterprises until the prices did conform. Hence the notion of isolating a nation from foreign lands is absurd, and such a course for a young colony would be suicide. For some part of the exports specie must be brought in until money enough is provided to do the business. All the gold (to say nothing now of silver) in the world is the supply of money with which the world's business must be done. It is distributed amongst nations and districts in proportion to their share in the world's industry and commerce; for if it were not so distributed it is plain that more would be given for it where more was needed (that is, prices would fall), and so more would be obtained, or, if there was a disproportionate amount anywhere, it would lose value there, and be drawn elsewhere. For these reasons it does not accumulate in California and Australia, but is distributed over the earth. There are many means of economizing a portion of the money which a community would need in proportion to its business. If any nation practices such economies it profits by them, for it can turn part of its tools of exchange into active and productive capital.

The gold supply of the world is distributed to the nations by supply and demand, and the amount which comes to the United States under given circumstances of territory, population, industry, transportation, banking facilities, etc., supposing no other forms of currency to be present, is the "specie requirement" of the United States. This amount is exact at any given time, but changes constantly. There may be a special need for money elsewhere, or a slackened requirement elsewhere, or a special need here, and so on. The interests adjust themselves perfectly and constantly, not only between nation and nation (for nations are, in this matter, arbitrary units), but between districts and communities, or between man and man. This notion of the need or requirement of money is the one which is fundamental to the theory of the subject. Inflation means excess with reference to this amount.

If, then, the United States coins its gold supply into coins each weighing 25.8 grains, $\frac{9}{10}$ fine, and calls these coins "dollars," the specie requirement is so many millions of dollars. If any other currency is substituted for the specie, its value, no matter what its amount may be, provided that it equals or exceeds in dollars the specie requirement, will equal the value of the specie requirement. That is to say, if the requirement is a million dollars, and if notes for a million dollars be issued to supplant the specie, those notes will be worth one million dollars. If notes for two or ten or a thousand million dollars be issued, they will be worth one million dollars (or less, if they hurt industry until less money is needed). The reason for this is plain. The demand for money is so many dollars so long as "dollars" continue to be such and such pieces of gold. So long, then, as the word dollar on a note refers to those gold pieces, only so many notes are wanted, and if more are supplied, they will decline in value under supply and demand. Hence "depreciation" is the loss of value which each dollar undergoes that the whole note issue may conform in value to the specie which it supplants. Hence also it is utterly futile to try to increase or decrease the amount of money in a country, if by the amount we mean the amount in value. Nothing can deprive a country of its share in value of the world's money, or give it any more than its share. If the law-maker thinks that the country "has not money enough," and if he makes some more, not by mining gold, but by printing more notes, he only depreciates all the currency outstanding so that the total of it has the same value in gold or goods as before. If, indeed, he should mine more gold, he could not increase the amount of money at home save by distributing the new supply to all the world, and giving his own country only its proportion of the new supply.

Were the bank notes in 1860 in excess of the requirement of the country? It is probable that they were closely in accord with it. The banks of that time pushed their circulation in competition with each other, and were only restrained by the demand for specie for export when the requirement was exceeded. There were parts of the country where no specie but fractional coins was ever seen, and where, if it had been needed, it would have borne a premium.

From the doctrines above stated it is clear that people always have to pay for a value currency (specie or paper of specie value) whether they get it or not. A bank which prints notes never gives them away. It sells them for goods or lends them for real capital. The source of the gain is that the note issuer in effect gets the specie which his notes displace. If, then, the people buy a specie currency, and then allow banks to displace it by their notes, they have paid for the specie currency and given it away. The "cheap currency" is therefore cheap to the issuer if he only prints it, and does not hold cash with which to redeem it; but it is not cheap to the people, for they must give value for it before they can get it. The currency of 1860 contained no specie. The people had paid for a full value currency ever since the country was settled, but had never had it. They had given so much capital of their earning and saving to banks of issue to have and enjoy without rendering the guarantees and equivalents which alone could have made such an arrangement wise.

W. G. SUMNER.

IN HOCKING VALLEY.

ALTHOUGH the strike among the miners in this unfortunate region has virtually come to an end, by the return to work of a large number of laborers, many of them are still holding out, and precautions are still taken for the prevention of violence. Our illustrations on page 29 give a night view of a hopper, with bonfires burning to enable the guard to perceive the approach of intruders, and the interior of a log cabin at "Happy Hollow," rather a misnomer just now, showing the family of a striking miner gathered together in a scantily furnished room. There is a great deal of suffering among the unemployed laborers of the valley, and it is to be feared that they will be reduced to still greater misery and privation before the hard winter is over.

AT NEW ORLEANS.

WE devote several pages this week to illustrations of the New Orleans Exposition, showing the crowd of visitors alighting at the levee, and exhibits from Dakota, Nebraska, and Minnesota. These exhibits are remarkably interesting as giving an idea of the immense wealth of the great West in the productions of the soil. That region may well be called the granary of the world.

We also give, on page 28, portraits of some of the officials whose untiring energy has so largely contributed to the success of the Exposition.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

SCIENTIFIC men are at work in London trying to find out where the fog comes from. New-Yorkers are beginning to think that it belongs in this town, and that it is straggling along home.

A famous base-ball player has made a bet that he can stand at the bottom of the Washington Monument and catch a base-ball tossed from the top. It is estimated that the ball, by the time it reached the player, would be going at the rate of two miles a minute.

Report comes from Japan that the Buddhist priests of Kioto have appointed a committee to go to Europe to study Christianity. If the committee report that Christianity is a better religion than Buddhism, the priests declare that they will adopt it. This remarkable step was taken because there were threatenings of serious strife between the followers of the two religions.

Women serve on juries in Washington Territory, and at the recent trial of a faro-dealer there the jury consisted of six persons of each sex. James Mitchell met Susan Thompson for the first time in the box, proposed marriage to her and was accepted, and the wedding took place immediately on the conclusion of the trial. The faro-dealer was convicted.

A buck with magnificent antlers sprang out of a thicket and ran along the track in front of a railroad train in Florida. The engineer crowded on steam, and, to the surprise of the passengers, gained slowly on the noble animal. As the locomotive drew near, the engineer climbed out upon the cow-catcher with a pistol in his hand, and was about to fire, when the buck very sensibly veered from his course, and disappeared in the forest.

A professor of mathematics in Nashville was recently arrested for intoxication. The justice fined him five dollars, giving him the alternative of working five days in the chain-gang. The professor had six hundred dollars in his pocket, but he declared that he would go with the chain-gang as a lesson, and a few hours later his white hands and sorrowful expression were winning him untold sympathy as he hammered away feebly upon the stones.

A magnificent araucaria growing in the valley of the Aube at Cannes excited the admiration of the Baroness Rothschild, and she caused it to be transported to the grounds of her villa on the road to Golfe Juan, and there replanted. There was a good deal of trouble in obtaining permission of the local authorities for the giant tree to pass over their roads and bridges, but the baroness prevailed, and the tree, which weighs twenty tons, was dragged to its new resting-place on a truck weighing six tons by thirty horses.

A case of heroic surgery is reported from the Hospital for Epilepsy and Paralysis in Regent's Park, London. The patient was suffering from a tumor of the brain. It is only recently, through the experiments of Professor Ferrier on animals, that surgeons have come to be able to determine the situation of tumors in the brain mass. In the case of the patient in question Dr. Hughes Bennett's diagnosis placed the tumor in the ascending frontal convolution on the right side, and Dr. Godlee, surgeon to University College Hospital, made an opening in the scalp, skull, and brain membranes at the point indicated, and found and removed a tumor the size of a walnut. The patient never had a bad symptom, and is now convalescent. Such an operation has never been performed before.

The workshop of a prehistoric armorer has been discovered on a steep rock by the sea in Brittany. It dates from the Stone Age. It contains polished lances, arrow-heads, axes, and other objects, including a meteoric stone fashioned into an implement of war, and also the skeleton of the armorer, the skull of which is well preserved.

Silk is very cheap in England. It is said that the Chinese merchants were so frightened by the French invaders, on the one hand, and the Celestial tax-gatherers, on the other, that they sold all their stock to English buyers for a song.

The expression "painting the town red" is said to have originated with the advance agent of a negro minstrel show, who so described the putting up of an unusual number of the company's red posters in a Western city. The idea of hilarity was attached to the proceeding which the expression described because these red posters completely covered up the posters of a rival show which was to visit the town one day later.

A captain of the Royal Artillery was married recently, and sent seventy-eight boxes of cake and cards to the friends of himself and wife, all by post, and all from the post-office at Canterbury. The boxes were addressed to persons living in all parts of England and Ireland. Not quite a dozen reached their destinations intact. "Some on arrival," the captain complains, "contained a stray currant or two, others the cards without the cake, and in one case at least the lid of the box was all that arrived." Complaint was made at the General Post-office, and in a few weeks the answer arrived, "Our inquiries as to the missing cake have proved unsuccessful."

Chicago complains that her street cars are not heated. Let Chicago wait until she gets to be as old as New York is, then, maybe, her street cars will display the boundless comfort and luxury that distinguish the street cars here.

A newspaper speaks of "the towering masts of our powerful war vessels." It is a Russian newspaper, and does not mean the war vessels of the United States.

A San Francisco newspaper says that to Californians the amount of labor bestowed by the French upon their vineyards seems incredible. It adds that although a fair sparkling wine is produced in the State, the growers have not succeeded as well with champagne as they have with Burgundy, hock, claret, and sherry. What is needed is not plants or soil, a climate or sun; those are supplied. It is brain-work and elbow-grease.

If anybody has dyspepsia, and has tried all sorts of cures, and still suffers abominably, he need yet not despair. A member of the New York County Medical Society has declared that for all cases of dyspepsia which come to him for treatment he recommends chewing-gum. The Maine lumbermen, he says, chew spruce gum, and they never have dyspepsia. We say that dyspeptic persons in general need not yet despair, because probably the average dyspeptic reader of this has not yet tried chewing-gum.

Florida has turned out an enormous crop of oranges this season, but it is not likely that the fruit will be noticeably cheap here, because there are not packing boxes enough on hand to send it North in.

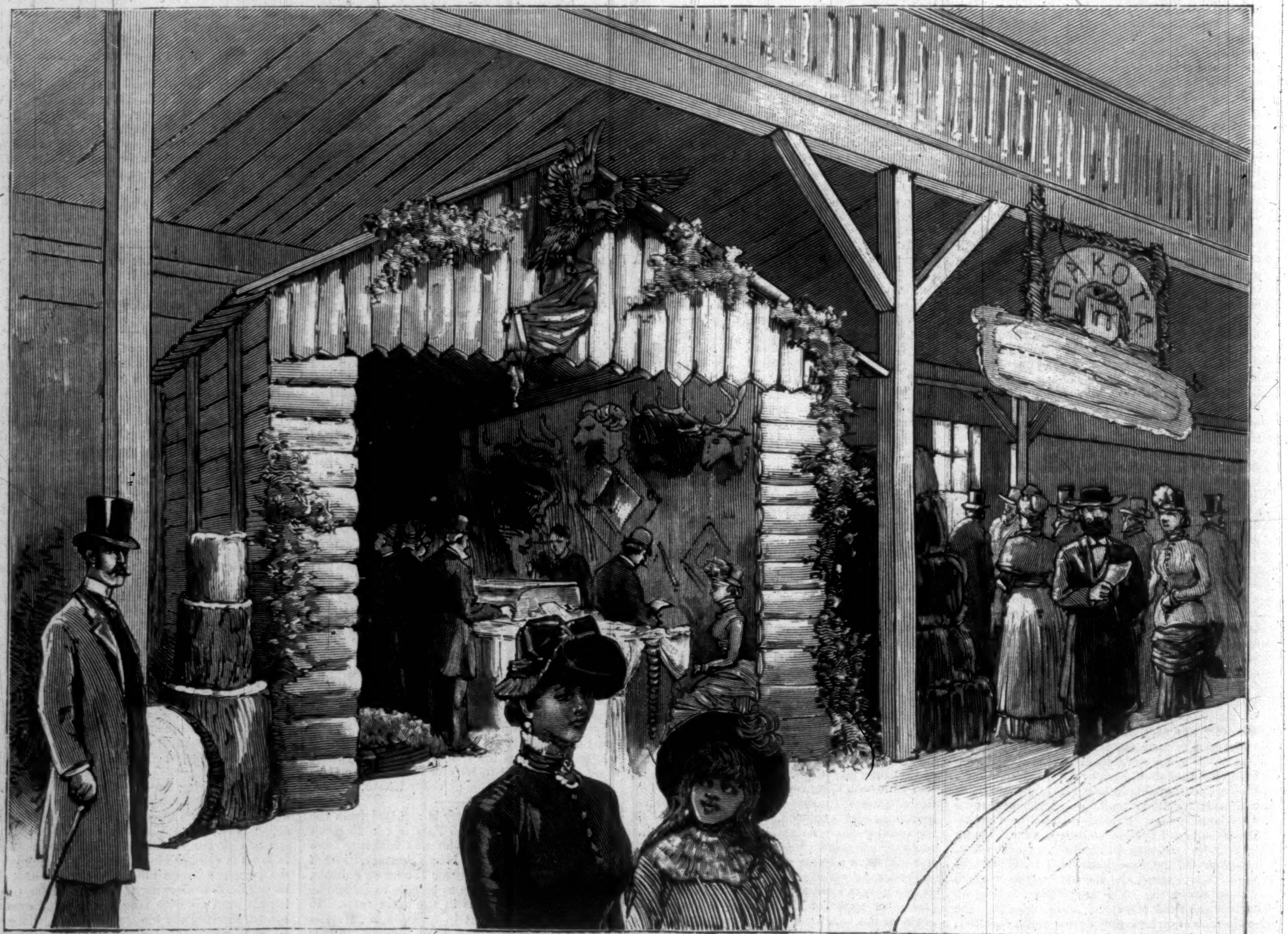
A Russian who writes of St. Petersburg under the head of "The Czar's Gay Capital" says that the government makes a policy of encouraging frivolity and moral laxity in the hope so to divert the people from the pursuit of schemes of dynamite. A moral revolution is going on in Russia under official sanction, this writer says, but the government fears no revolution that is only moral, and that has no suggestion of dynamite in it.

The pedestrian in Norway is sure of finding at every ten miles a post-house which will do for shelter, but he experiences a delightful uncertainty in regard to what he is going to get to eat. The post-houses are farm-houses, bound by law to furnish horses, but not bound to supply good entertainment. Accordingly the traveller at one time may light upon oat cake and fat bacon only, and the next time revel in willow-grouse, bear ham, reindeer steak, and wild strawberries.

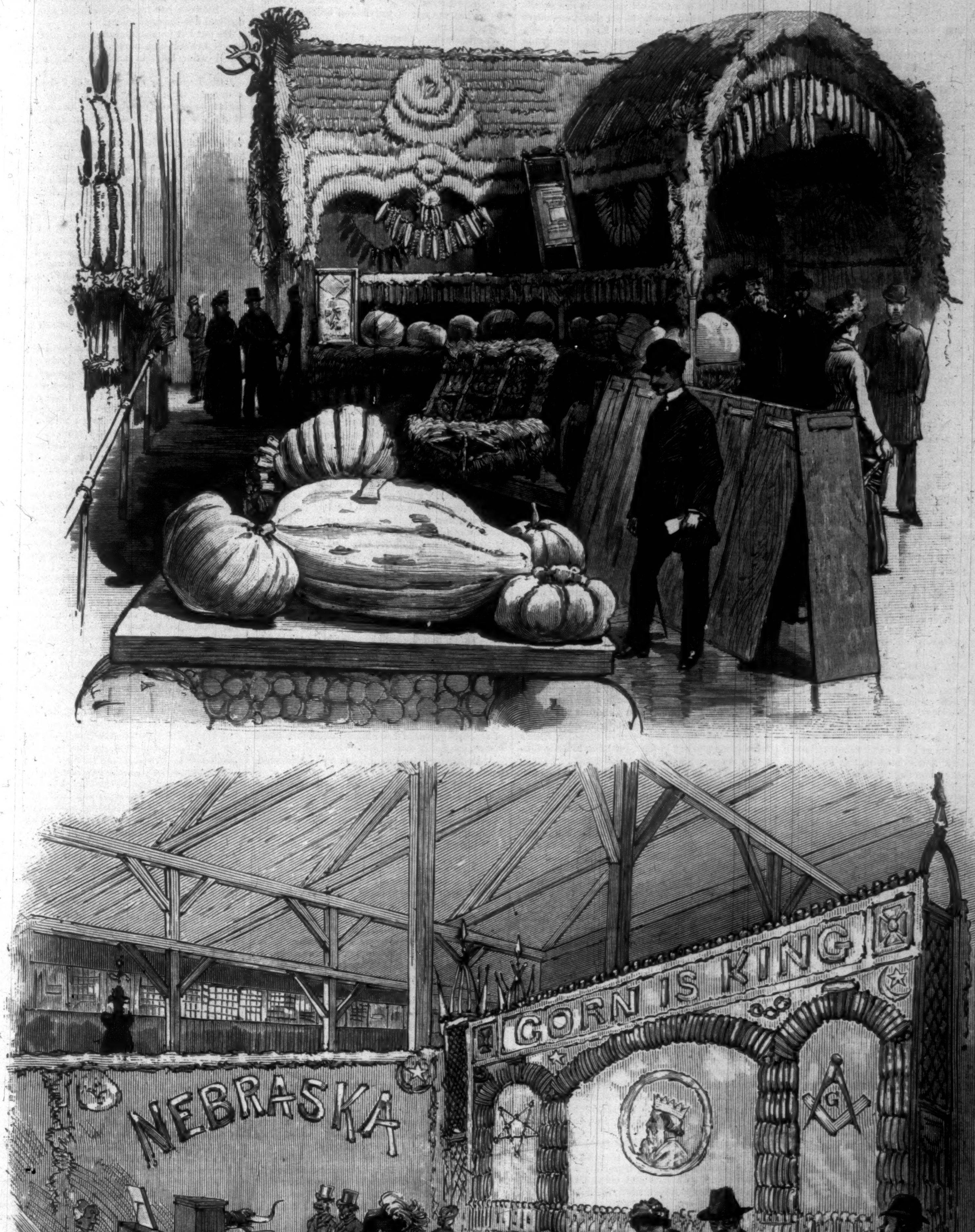
A woman wrote anonymously to the Chief of Police of Atlanta that the husband of a friend of hers was losing heavily at poker, which was played every night in a place that the writer specified. The police went there and arrested a sheriff, a county judge, two members of the Legislature, a preacher, and several others. Public opinion in Atlanta is strongly against the police.

A non-smoking London *Times* correspondent with General Wolseley in Egypt finds fault with his faithful camel because the brute loves tobacco. "Let any one," he says, "smoke a pipe, cigar, or cigarette in the stables, and the camel will follow the smoker about, place his nose close to the burning tobacco, inhale the fumes with a prolonged sniff, swallowing the smoke; then, throwing his head up, with mouth agape and eyes upturned, showing the blood-shot whites, will grunt a sigh of ecstasy that would make the fortune of a low comedian in a love scene."

EXHIBIT OF THE CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, AND ST. PAUL RAILROAD.



THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION—EXHIBITS FROM DAKOTA.—Sketched by John Durkin.—[See Page 23.]



THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION—THE NEBRASKA EXHIBIT.—Sketched by John Durkin.—[See Page 23.]

PLAYING WITH HEARTS.

New York City, *September* 15, 1883.

My dear Adelaide,—Your letter, with its kind congratulations for my darling, reached me yesterday. Marjery bids me thank you, and say her wedding will not be complete without you—a statement we all indorse; so shape your plans for our good, and come to us in December, that being the month appointed for the marriage.

You say you have not heard from me since June, and that you gleaned the news of Marjery's engagement from a stranger. Adelaide, I am ashamed of my seeming negligence—only seeming, however, for my imagination has penned you many letters; procrastination alone has kept them from finding their way to paper. I will try and write you now all that has happened us this summer. That necessitates my going back to early June, when, much against the will of brother John, Kate went to Europe with the Claxtons. I thought the chance too good to lose, and the sisters can not always keep together. Immediately after Kate sailed, brother John and I took Marjery to the sea-shore. We thought she would breathe in new life with the fresh salt air; but she only grew pale and listless, and grieved so bitterly for Kate that I heartily repented having sent the child away. In despair we consulted Dr. Hieland. He is our family friend as well as our family physician, and knows my Marjery's needs as well as I do myself—as indeed he might, having kept the life in her frail body since her birth. It was he that laid the wee twins in my arms the night their mother died, and bade me guard them from the devil. He said Marjery was lonesome, and advised our letting her associate with the young folks at the Beach. Now neither brother John nor I approve of the young folks at the Beach: their ways are displeasing to us. We told the doctor so. He laughed at us in kindly fashion, and offered to bring his nephew down for Sunday. He had long wanted us to meet him, and we knew him to be a most unexceptionable young man. In the old well-known words, "he came, he saw, he conquered."

I liked him from the first, this nephew—Stuart Hieland—and as I grew to know him better I felt he was the one man in all the world I would choose for Marjery's husband. He is unlike the fashionable young man, who differs from his companions only in the color of his eyes and hair. He has a brain that can think, and rugged Scotch features that bespeak individuality, and a form strong and shapely. Then, last but not least, he has income enough to provide Marjery with the luxuries which make her necessities, and without which, if she lived at all, her life would be a burden to herself and friends.

Brother John and I are old folks now, Adelaide. He is close on eighty, while I am far past sixty. Marjery's future has long been a source of great anxiety to me. I have keenly felt her need of a younger arm to lean on, and I watched the life and color come back to her face with curiously conflicting emotions. I was glad, with a great gladness, for her, and yet my whole nature rebelled against the new love that overshadowed mine. St. Paul died daily, but I died hourly. Only those who have undergone the same torture know anything about it. I thought my old heart would break when Marjery first turned to Stuart for the love and sympathy she had ever been wont to ask of me. Still, when Stuart told me his law work would not permit of his running down again, I forgot my jealousy; I only remembered that Marjery loved him, and that his desertion would cause her pain. I could scarcely see him for the tumult of indignation that took possession of me. I tried to collect my thoughts and control my temper, but my features—never good at dissimulation—betrayed me. He was quick to see and quick to understand.

"You think," he said, flushing hotly all over his fair-skinned face, "that I should have gone before, or, having staid so long, that I should not go at all?"

"I think Marjery should decide that question," I answered, boldly.

"I never thought of the matter in that light," he said, with some embarrassment. "Marjery seems such a child, I never think of her as a woman."

"Children of eighteen are wooed and wed," I replied, coldly.

He stood silent a moment, lost in thought. "I have been very blind," he said at last, with a little sigh. "My mother was only eighteen when she was widowed. Marjery looks younger than her years. I feel sure she has never thought of me as a lover; still, I love no other woman half as well, and, with your permission, Miss Snow, I will remain and tell her so."

I gave the permission in an eager, breathless way, fearful lest my courage should desert me, for I knew that when Stuart went in to Marjery, my Marjery would never be the same Marjery to me again. Then I crept upstairs to my room—our room—realizing for the first time in my life that I was getting to be an old woman. I knelt beside my darling's bed, and laid my face upon her pillow, and wept with exceeding bitterness. Happiness makes the most unselfish of us selfish. I staid there alone and forgotten till Martha summoned me to tea. The lovers met me in the hall, all smiles and blushes, and bade me wish them joy. I did so, but all the same my old heart ached with its new burden of loneliness.

I am getting accustomed to it now, and Stuart would be all I could ask if only he were a little less matter-of-fact about his love-making. Dr. Hieland startled me the other evening by telling me in his grim fashion that I had best keep close watch over Stuart when Kate returned, for he was capable of an all-absorbing passion, and Marjery had only aroused him to a sort of elder-brotherly affection. His words took a deeper root in my mind inasmuch as they were but the echo of my own thoughts. I try to keep Kate in the background, but it is a difficult matter in this house. Marjery has made an idol of her sister, and never wearies of praising her, while Kate is the only human being that ever lighted a spark of love in brother John's entomological heart; so the two get together in his small study, where cases of impaled insects alternate with Kate's colorless, ivory-tinted face, and talk of Kate! Kate! Kate! till I almost hate the name. But Stuart seems to enjoy it, and sits with Marjery in the great broad window-seat, and reads Kate's letters, and studies Kate's photographs, and listens to anecdotes of Kate's childhood with ever-increasing interest. I told him the other day I thought he admired Kate's beauty more than was quite consistent with his character as a *fiancé*. He looked at me in an odd, curious way; but before he could speak, Marjery cried, indignantly, "How can you say such a thing, Auntie Muff? I am really ashamed of you!"

"My generous little one," said Stuart, and he drew her to him till all her soft blonde hair lay crushed against his heart. Then over the sunny head so dear to me he looked defiance.

Kate sailed by the *Scythia* last week, so we are in daily anticipation of her arrival. Brother John and Marjery are beside themselves with joy, and seem to have imbued Stuart with their enthusiasm; but, for my single self, I had as lief the steamer were going the other way, and was taking Kate to England till after Marjery's wedding. But it grows late. The clock that has ticked through Marjery's eighteen years of life is close on twelve. It is like a bit of herself. It recalls weary vigils and happy convalescences—moments when its every tick seemed her last breath, and now it is about to strike her wedding hour.

Ah, Adelaide, Cupid has a rival that aims his arrows with as skilled a hand as he. One of them has struck my heart, and pierced it through and through, and the tears flow down my wrinkled cheeks like rain when I think of Marjery's going from me. Wait till some of your little ones are about to leave you, and then you will understand what I am suffering now.

Come to me when you can, Adelaide. We have been back some time, and are as well settled as though we had never been away.

As ever, your faithful friend,

Margaret Snow.

New York City, *October* 27, 1883.

My dear Adelaide,—My worst fears are verified. Kate returned five weeks ago to-day, and ever since her arrival Stuart has been like a man bewitched, and he can no longer say he loves no other woman half as well as Marjery.

I tried at first to keep the two apart, but my efforts were unavailing. Marjery overthrew my best laid plans. She was only content when both were with her, and sat evening after evening, her head resting against Stuart's shoulder, Kate's hand close clasped in hers, listening to their low-toned voices with childish pleasure.

Ah me! how vexed I grew as I sat and watched them! Stuart's blue eyes close riveted on Kate's face, Kate's eloquent speaking countenance upturned to his as though she had no thought beyond it—the loving, tender face between them quite forgotten. Do you know the demon that slumbers in every human breast awoke in me? I was beside myself with rage and jealousy. I was jealous for my Marjery, and determined that Stuart should marry her, even though his heart, and Kate's as well, should break twice over. They are well and strong, and accustomed to disappointments, while Marjery has never had a wish crossed in all her life, and such a blow would kill her. Like Mirabeau, I acknowledge no such "blockhead of a word as impossible," and "the end sanctifies the means."

As the days went on, Stuart's and Kate's liking for each other grew more apparent. I kept them under close surveillance: not a word or look of theirs escaped me, but I could detect no word or act that justified my interference till yesterday afternoon. Marjery had been confined to her room all day with a headache. I closed our door against every one, and staid with her till she fell asleep. When I went down-stairs I found brother John and Dr. Hieland in one room, and Kate and Stuart in another, quite alone. They were too engrossed in each other to notice me, so I slipped behind a portière, and, for Margery's sake, turned spy.

They stood beside a vase filled with Stuart's nightly offering of roses. He held a bud in his hand, and was fastening it in Kate's black hair; but he was awkward and constrained about it, and somehow, between them, the flower fell stemless to the floor.

The subtle self-consciousness of his manner communicated itself to Kate. She looked at him in a startled way. Their eyes met, and they read each the other's secret. Kate stepped back with almost a look of horror. "They are Marjery's roses, not mine," she cried, in an intense, half-smothered voice.

"But they should be yours," burst from Stuart's lips involuntarily, as his trembling fingers tried to detach another rose from its fellows.

"I'll not touch it," said Kate, shrinking back, fear of him, fear of herself, thrilling through her voice. "Don't speak to me! Don't look at me! Only let me go!"

Stuart's hand fell heavily to his side; he stepped aside, and let her pass him without a word.

There was anger and contempt upon his face when he turned and saw me beside him.

"This is unworthy of you, Miss Snow," he said, coldly.

"I never found it necessary to play eavesdropper before," I replied, my old cheeks burning with resentment, and I knew by the answering flush upon his own that he took in the full meaning of my words.

"It is well you are a woman," he said, keeping strong control over voice and features.

"Since my sex protects me," I retorted, vindictively, "let me ask if you intend breaking Marjery's heart?"

A crimson tide swept over his face, leaving it pale with the paleness of death. "I have no wish to injure Marjery," he answered, slowly; "and honor compels me to marry her. If that will keep her heart from breaking, your Marjery is safe. But honor itself," he added, bitterly, "can go no further. It can not teach me to love her as I love Kate. The world," he cried, with a sudden fierce scorn of himself, "holds me most honorable when I deem myself most false. It forces me to marry one woman, loving another." There was a moment's pause, then he continued rapidly, stooping till his face was on a level with my own: "I doubt if you know what a strong man's love is like, Miss Snow. It is like a storm at sea—a whirlwind—a tornado. It is simply resistless. It sweeps everything before it." He stopped breathless, while the veins on his forehead swelled into cords. I was actually afraid of him. I covered my eyes to shut out his passion-stricken face.

"Forgive me," he said, more gently. "I frighten you. I'll go home, and when I am quite myself I'll come back and marry pretty Marjery."

I heard the door close behind him with an intense feeling of relief. I breathed more freely. Then I bethought me of Kate. I made my way to her isolated room at once. She still occupies the room she shared when a child with her nurse. I kept her there then that her noisy play might not disturb delicate Marjery, and now she remains from choice. Her door stood open, and the light from the hall fell full upon her as she sat beside the table, her head bowed on her outstretched arms. Attitude expresses a great deal. Hers told of a hopeless, unreasoning despair. Had she been other than Marjery's rival I should have pitied her; as it was, I almost rejoiced in her suffering. I had no wish, however, to appear before her unannounced, so I softly closed the door and knocked. It was a moment or two before I was admitted. Then the gas burned brightly by the bureau, and her face had masked itself in the watchful, impenetrable expression it always assumes for me.

"Is Marjery worse?" she asked, unable to account for my visit in any other way.

"Marjery is asleep," I replied. "I have not come to talk about her, but about you."

A dusky red touched with faint color her soft, dark skin; but she said nothing, only sat in her quiet fashion, with her eyes keeping guard upon my face. I thought it best to plunge boldly into my subject, so I told her how I had been a silent witness of the scene down-stairs, and how I thought it best to send her to her aunt Caroline's until the wedding.

"When shall I go?" she asked, with a touch of scorn, a gleam of fire shining under her black lashes.

"As soon as you can get ready," I answered, hotly.

"I will be ready to-morrow," she answered, and relapsed into her old indifference.

I can not get on with Kate—I never could. While the children were growing into womanhood Marjery demanded so much time and care that Kate grew up, as it were, outside my arms, and to-day I find myself a stranger to her. I think she keenly feels my lack of interest in her affairs, and resents it by shutting herself within herself whenever I approach her. Interviews between us mean loss of temper on my side and increased indifference on hers. Yesterday's was no exception to the rule. Her very silence irritated me, and her careless acquiescence to my plans goaded me to fresh anger. It was as though she would submit to anything rather than continue the conversation, if so one-sided an affair can be called a conversation. I talked and she listened, her vigilant eyes ever on me, her beautiful features as hard and cold and expressionless as though cut in stone. Once, however, her proud young face softened into warm, human loveliness.

"Aunt Margaret," she said, in the low, soft, caressing tones that have had as much to do with the winning of men's hearts as her beauty, "I think you forget that your Marjery is my Marjery too, and, strange as it may seem, my love for her is as great as yours. You need not fear me so. Marjery shall never know unhappiness through me."

Her words touched me. I stretched out my hands impulsively and laid them upon hers. Her face hardened; her black, level brows drew themselves together.

"I am tired," she said, wearily. "I would like to be alone."

I rose, chilled to the heart. I realized that I was dealing with two strong natures, and I wondered if my hands would be strong enough to control them. I feel equal to anything to-night. The sight of Marjery's sleeping face has sent fresh courage through my veins. She shall not lose her lover while I have life to keep him.

Your anxious, determined, but ever faithful friend,

Margaret Snow.

New York City, *December* 12, 1883.

My dear Adelaide,—"L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose." When I told Marjery of Kate's proposed visit to Caroline's she was filled with indignation, and declared her intention of going too. I scolded and coaxed and argued, but all to no purpose. Marjery was inexorable; so of course Kate remained at home.

It is well for me the wedding is so near at hand. A few more weeks of this sort of life would kill me. I live in constant dread of some chance word or look revealing the truth to Marjery and making her miserable for life. Once I thought the clock could never travel slowly enough toward Marjery's wedding day. Now it can not go fast enough to please me; and I shall know neither rest nor peace till she bears Stuart's name. Only the other day she took Stuart's strong worn face between her hands, and asked him why he disliked her beautiful Kate.

He put her from him, very gently, and, with his hands behind him, paced back and forth as he asked what brought such a thought into her mind.

"Oh, I am wiser than you think," she retorted, with a gay little nod. "I know I never have you both together now as when Kate first came home. If one is with me, it is a sure sign that I shall not see the other till that one is gone. I don't like it," she added, with pretty petulance. "I want you two to care for each other."

"Little one," said Stuart, reseating himself beside her, "do not distress yourself any longer. Your imagination has played you a trick, for Kate and I do care for one another."

But this morning I thought everything was lost. Stuart and Kate were helping me arrange the presents; Marjery was upstairs trying on her wedding dress. Suddenly a large vase fell from the mantel, striking Kate. Stuart was beside her in a moment, and caught her as she fell.

"My darling," he cried—love and anxiety struggling for the mastery in his voice—"are you much hurt?"

She shook her head and freed herself from his arms, and stood alone.

A sharp cry drew our eyes toward the door. There stood Marjery in her bridal robes, her face whiter than her dress, her wide-opened, terrified eyes staring fixedly at us; but even as we saw her, she turned and fled. I acted like a mad woman. I seized Kate's wrist and dragged her to the door. I ordered her to go to Marjery and tell her anything that would undo the mischief she had done—to tell her that she had no love for Stuart, and Stuart ne love for her. Then my breath and strength forsook me, and I sank exhausted in a chair.

Kate was a long time gone. When she returned her face wore an indefinable look of peace, as though she had laid aside all thoughts of love and loving, and had found some inner blessedness that recompensed her for their loss.

"Has Marjery released me?" demanded Stuart, with fierce impatience.

"She can give you no answer until she sees Aunt Margaret," replied Kate, gently. "But I think things will remain as they are, for I told her it was only your natural kind-heartedness that made you so worried over my hurt."

"You told her that?" he cried, stepping back, as though she had dealt him a blow.

"She is my sister, and I love her. I could not tell her what would give her pain," said Kate, a troubled look stirring the depths of her calm, passionless eyes.

"So you would have me marry her and make her wretched?"

"Oh no," she cried, eagerly, a sudden exultant joy lighting up her face. "*Your* wife can never be that."

Stuart stood and looked at her, his love gathering in strength as he gazed, till it burst upon her like a storm. Kate shrank back, affrighted, from the torrent of pleading, passionate words that swept over her and round her and bent her will to his. He caught her hand and held it while he told her how he loved her, and though she stood with her usual proud erectness, she was stiff and rigid as a statue. It seemed as though she had strength to command her outward demeanor only.

"Kate," he cried, in an agony of doubt and fear, "have you not one small word of love for me?"

"Not one," she answered, and her voice was dead and joyless. Slowly, like one in a dream, she drew her hand from his, and stepped back and back till the table stood between them, her eyes close riveted on his face, as though she lacked the power to turn them from him.

"And I love you so," he said, covering his eyes with his hands.

His words or his action seemed to break the charm that held her. A soft compassion shone in her eyes. The old look of peace descended upon her.

"I can marry no man across my sister's grave," she said, simply.

A contortion of pain, short, but terrible to see, passed over Stuart's face. "I have been mad—mad with despair," he said, in a low voice, and groped his way from the room like a blind man.

Brother John had entered unperceived. He hastened to Kate's side. She caught his old, worn hands in hers, and pressed her face against them, and cried, with a new-born pity for herself, "Be good to me, Uncle John, be good to me, for in all this world there is no one to love me now but you."

I stole softly away to Marjery. I felt almost as though there had been a death in the family, and found myself moving with unconscious quietness. I rather dreaded the seeing Marjery, and kept my eyes from hers when I entered our room; but I was quick to detect the absence of all wedding finery. The room wore its every-day dress.

"Sit where I can see you, Aunt Margaret," said Marjery, pointing to a chair beside her lounge, "for I have a serious question to ask you, and I can ask it better when I see your face."

The cold "Aunt Margaret" chilled me. I do not know as she ever called me by that wretched name before. I have always been "Auntie Muff" to her.

"Kate has been trying to make me believe that my senses have deceived me," she said, in a weary monotone. "She is a loyal sister, and would wreck her life to make me happy. I can be loyal too. So, as you love me, Aunt Margaret, answer me true. Would Stuart marry Kate if he were free?"

"A thousand times no," I answered, boldly. "He would only live and die a bachelor, for well I knew that Kate would never marry Stuart."

A soft rose flush replaced the marble whiteness of Marjery's face.

"Are you quite sure, Auntie Muff," her low voice quivering with suppressed joy.

"Qute sure," I answered, eagerly, made glad by the old familiar name.

"You would not deceive me?" she said, gently, her pleading, anxious eyes shining like stars through their tear-wet lashes. "You love me too much to let me marry a man who loves my sister? You would not wrong me so, would you, Auntie Muff?"

God forgive me, Adelaide, I could have stabbed Marjery to the heart with a dagger sooner than I could have told her the truth. I lacked the moral courage to say the words that would make of her life a joyless and useless thing.

"No," I answered, "I would not deceive you," and my voice was as clear and firm as though I had been accustomed to deception all my life.

"And Stuart loves me?" she asserted, eagerly.

"And Stuart loves you," I repeated, the calm conviction of my words almost convincing me of the truth of my own falsehood. Small wonder, then, that child-like Marjery found comfort in them and believed them.

"You must ask Stuart to forgive me," she said, the rose flush deepening on her cheeks, "and tell him the day never dawned on a happier bride than it will find to-morrow." Even as she spoke, Adelaide, Kate's white anguished face rose up before me as I saw it last, and my conscience cried out against me. As ever, Adelaide, your faithful friend,

MARGARET SNOW.

NEW YORK, *May* 2, 1883.

MY DEAR ADELAIDE,—Months have intervened since last I wrote you. I have been ill unto death, and use the first hours of my convalescence in your service. I am still weak and easily fatigued, and obliged to write with frequent rests between the lines.

Your letter telling me that the illness of your little one would prevent your coming to the wedding reached me the morning of the all-important day. I should have been more disappointed had I felt less ill. But my thoughts were in a whirl, and my head heavy, and my feet weak. I fulfilled my duties more through force of habit than through any volition of my own.

Marjery was up with the first ray of light, and clamorous for Kate, whose dark-circled eyes bespoke a sleepless night. Kate shrank from Marjery's caresses, and received her gay speeches in silence. They spent the whole day together—the one overflowing with life and brightness, the other, pale and still and cold—and when evening came Kate dressed Marjery from first to last. She wanted me to catch back her veil with Stuart's star, but my eyes were blinded with tears, and my fingers refused to do their will, so Kate took the star in her small, cold hands, and fastened it in its place without a tremor.

Stuart stopped at the door on his way downstairs, and Marjery went out in the hall to speak to him. I caught one glimpse of his haggard young face, and saw it redden guiltily as his eyes fell on Kate.

It was a small wedding. We had no desire to have a large gathering of calling acquaintances. All present were near and dear friends, most of them friends of fifty odd years' standing, for stately dowagers and white-haired cavaliers predominated.

The marriage service lost none of its solemnity as read by Julian Greyson's young, impressive voice. Its words echoed and re-echoed in my mind as I kept my eyes on my darling, standing fair and winsome, under the roses and lilies.

Stuart's "I will" was barely audible; but when it came Marjery's turn to answer there was an ominous silence. My heart almost stood still as I watched her step back and take Kate's hand in hers, and lay it in that of Stuart.

"Our vows would have been a mockery," she said, earnestly. "God will hear theirs with pleasure."

A silence so intense it was painful fell upon us. Julian Greyson was the first to break it. "What does this mean?" he asked, sternly.

"It means," said Dr. Hieland, "that Marjery Snow will accept no man's hand without his heart. She is right, Mr. Greyson. The two standing before you hand in hand are the two you should unite in marriage."

"I forbid it," I cried, pressing eagerly forward.

"Auntie Muff," pleaded Marjery's gentle voice, "don't make it harder for me than it is. My mind was made up to this last night, but I shared my secret only with Uncle John, because I knew the rest of you would have betrayed me, and made my plans impossible. I would like to have been less dramatic, but I knew of no other way to achieve my end. I shall never marry Stuart Hieland; it now remains for Kate to say what she will do."

"I am too dazed to think," said Kate, in a low voice. "I can not understand it."

"Then I will think for you," said Marjery, with suddenly developed womanliness. "You will marry Stuart at once. And truly," she added, in a lower voice, "I can see you marry him without pain."

"Oh!" gasped Kate, astonished. "Then you can not love him. Why, there have been times when I have almost hated you—you, my dearly loved sister Marjery!"

"I have never felt like that—not once," said Marjery, shaking her golden head.

"Then you can not love him," repeated Kate, her face radiant with love and gladness.

"And you will marry me?" whispered Stuart, stooping low to catch her answer.

"Yes, I will marry you," she answered, her voice thrilling with its new-found joy.

"And you love me?" he pleaded, trying to penetrate her gaze with his, and read her answer before her lips could frame it. "You know you have never told me that you loved me yet?"

"I love you," she said, in the same glad, radiant voice.

"Then, Mr. Greyson," said Stuart, quietly, "do you know any reason why we should not be married at once?"

"None," he answered, and Stuart's strong, plain-featured face became, as it were, transfigured and glorified by the great love that shone upon it.

Marjery pressed close to me, her small soft fingers twining themselves around mine. Julian Greyson's voice rang out once more in the marriage service. The room grew dark; men and women melted into one black swaying mass. The voice went steadily on. Lights gleamed before my eyes; the darkness lifted. I saw Kate and Stuart kneeling side by side, the young minister's spiritual face upturned, his hand outstretched. The voice ceased; I tried to scream, to cry out, then all became a blank. They tell me that I fainted—I who pride myself on my exemption from such weaknesses. They carried me upstairs, and Kate laid aside her silks and laces, and with Stuart's ring still new upon her finger constituted herself my nurse.

I came back to this life, after five months' illness, to find myself in another world, Kate doing the honors of the house, and matronizing Marjery with a pretty assumption of dignity that never fails to draw a jest from Dr. Hieland; and as for Marjery, I hardly know the child, she has grown so strong and helpful. Stuart possesses all the airs and wisdom of the newly married man. He assures me that young Julian Greyson has become a daily visitor, and gravely informs me that he thinks it will be a most suitable match, and that he and "his wife" have done all they could to further it. As ever, your faithful friend,

MARGARET SNOW.

P. S.—A woman's letter is never complete without a postscript. Marjery crept shyly in just now, her face outblushing the crimson rose at her belt.

"Auntie Muff," she whispered, "I know what real love means now."

"And who has taught you?" I asked; to which she answered, softly,

"Julian Greyson."

THE DUTY ON FINE ARTS.

FOR more than two years the country has witnessed the comedy of protected artists struggling against protection. The artistic profession, slow by nature to undertake any general public movement, has for once been thoroughly stirred up by the issues involved in the question of free art, and there is now no shadow of a doubt but that the artists are next to unanimous in favor of a change in the present tariff. Accurate statistics show that more than ninety-nine and a half per cent. of the profession desire either a return to the old duty of ten per cent., to a moderate specific duty, or to an entire abolition of all tax on the importation of pictures, statuary, or anything which may be properly considered a work of art. Of the advocates of these changes, those in favor of the latter are unquestionably more numerous, while those desiring the first change, or return to the old duty, are almost too few to be worth counting. Whether an all-wise Congress will pause in its party wrangles long enough even to contemplate this blot on the laws which disgracefully distinguishes the United States from all other civilized nations time alone will tell. Hitherto all attempts to bring about a revision of the tariff regulations in regard to works of art have resulted in the enlistment of no more than the ephemeral interest and the casual support of the mass of thinking members of the Lower House. A few men only have believed the subject of sufficient present importance to pay attention to it, and they have loyally endeavored to bring about a change. But, nevertheless, the relative position of the picture trade in the commerce of the country, the rapidly increasing importance of the artists as a class of producers, the astonishing development of the study and the practice of the fine arts in all sections of the country, all warrant the expectation that this question of free art or taxed art, involving as it does no party issues, having long been eliminated by the consent of nations from the considerations which affect the general international questions of free trade and protection, may soon be settled.

The statement that, since the artists are divided among themselves, Congress might as well assume the right to refuse any revision of the tariff regulations bearing upon the fine arts, would have some appearance of justice in it were it not for the fact above noticed that the artists are practically unanimous in declaring that the existing state of things is ruinous to them. A significant proportion of them are unwilling to favor an entire abolition of the duty, part because they feel that it is useless to ask for such a great change from the present laws, and are willing to compromise in this way, and part because they believe that a specific duty will be the most satisfactory to all concerned. Such a compromise would unquestionably be much better than any *ad valorem* duty whatever.

The main argument in favor of a specific duty is largely sentimental. It is said that such a duty will tend to elevate the taste of the buying public by keeping out so-called rubbish, because an importation tax of, say, one hundred dollars on each picture, without regard to value, would prohibit the importation of all except a high class of productions. The answer to this is threefold. First, speaking from a kindred point of view, we have no more moral right to keep bad pictures out of the country by legislation than we have to prohibit by law the production of rubbish at home. Second, any pictures are better than no pictures, provided, of course, that they be not vicious or immoral. The chromo and the cheap original have been of incalculable value in creating and developing a taste for works of art in this country, and if we prohibit the circulation of this class of pictures we check the growth of public taste and of general culture. Third, by a specific duty we practically destroy the picture market, which is professedly kept alive, not by the infrequent sales of high-priced works, but by large dealings in cheap productions of different degrees of artistic merit.

In discussions about art and the market for it, it is no uncommon argument that artists have only to paint good pictures and there will be a ready sale for them. But good pictures and good picture markets are interdependent. A market is created gradually and through the sale of cheap wares. With the natural rise in the standard of taste comes a corresponding demand for better things. No public ever went on for a long time buying bad pictures. But, means and taste not necessarily going together, good pictures sell more in proportion to the activity of the market than they do in proportion to the standard of public taste. It is for the advantage, then, of both producer and dealer that the market be kept active.

There is no better argument for free trade in art than the experience of English artists. The present importance of the English art market is due, as everybody knows, not to a great increase in wealth, but to a great increase of public interest in art. Armies of copyists, imitators, and producers of cheap originals have filled the market for years with their canvases. And with what result? The English artists not only are more prosperous in their profession than any of their contemporaries, but they have made quite as notable advances in the past three decades as any of their neighbors. We may easily protect ourselves against the importation of the class of works of art which since the beginning of history has been the alphabet of taste to the public, but what laws can we frame to make our painters produce masterpieces, or to force the people to buy them when they are made?

F. D. MILLET.

THE CREOLE PATOIS.

ALTHOUGH the pure creole element is disappearing from the *Vië faubon*, as creole children call the antiquated part of New Orleans, it is there nevertheless that the patois survives as a current idiom; it is there one must dwell to hear it spoken in its purity, and to study its peculiarities of intonation and construction. The patois-speaking inhabitants—dwelling mostly in those portions of the quadrilateral furthest from the river and from the broad American boundary of Canal Street, which many of them never cross when they can help it—are not less *bizarre* than the architectural background of their picturesque existence. The visitor is surrounded by a life motley-colored as those fantastic populations described in the *Story of the Young King of the Black Isles*; the African ebon is least visible, but of bronze-browns, banana-yellows, orange-golds, there are endless varieties, paling off into faint lemon tints, and even dead-silver whites. The paler the shade, the more strongly do Latin characteristics show themselves; and the oval faces, with slender cheeks and low broad brows, prevail. Sometimes in the yellower types a curious Sphinx visage appears, dreamy as Egypt. Occasionally, also, one may encounter figures so lithe, so animal, as to recall the savage grace of Priou's "Satyress." For the true colorist the contrast of a light saffron skin with dead-black hair and eyes of liquid jet has a novel charm, as of those descriptions in the Malay poem "Bidasari," of "women like statues of gold." It is hard to persuade one's self that such types do not belong to one distinct race, the remnant of some ancient island tribe, and the sound of their richly vowelled creole speech might prolong the pleasant illusion.

It must not be supposed, however, that the creole dialect is the only one used by these people; there are few who do not converse fluently in the French and English languages, and to these acquirements many add a knowledge of the sibillant Mexican-Spanish. But creole is the maternal speech; it is the tongue in which the baby first learns to utter its thoughts; it is the language of family and of home. The white creole child learns it from the lips of his swarthy nurse; and creole adults still use it in speaking to servants or to their own little ones. At a certain age the white boys or girls are trained to converse in French; judicious petting, or even mild punishment, is given to enforce the use of the less facile but more polite medium of expression. But the young creole who remains in Louisiana seldom forgets the sweet patois, the foster-mother tongue, the household words which are lingual caresses.

Now the colored inhabitants of the *carré* regulate the use of the creole after the manners of their former masters, upon whose time-honored customs they base their little code of urbanity. Let us suppose you are dwelling in one of the curious and crumbling houses of the old quarter of the town, and that some evening while dreaming over a pipe as you rock your chair upon the gallery, the large-eyed children of the habitation gather about you, cooing one unto the other in creole like so many yellow doves. Invariably you will then hear the severe maternal admonition, "Allons, Marie! Eugène! faut pas parler créole devant monsieur; parlez Français, donc!" Creole must not be spoken in the presence of "monsieur"; he must be addressed in good French, the colonial French of Louisiana that has been so much softened by tropicalization.

The general purpose of these little sketches will not admit of any extended linguistic dissertation, otherwise it would be a pleasant task to follow the foot-prints of many philological harvesters, and glean something in fields where French, English, and American scholars have reaped so well. It would be interesting to trace back the origin of the creole to the earlier ages of Latin-American slave colonies, showing how the African serf softened and simplified the more difficult language of his masters, and made to himself that marvellous system of grammar in which philologists have found material for comparison with the tongue of Homer and the speech of Beowulf. But the writer's purpose is to reflect the spirit of existing things rather than to analyze the past, to sketch local peculiarities and reflect local color without treating broadly of causes. It will be sufficient, therefore, to state that the creole patois is the offspring of linguistic miscegenation, an offspring which exhibits but a very faint shade of African color, and nevertheless possesses a strangely supple comeliness by virtue of the very intercrossing which created it, like a beautiful octoroon.

That word reminds one of a celebrated and vanished type—never mirrored upon canvas, yet not less physically worthy of artistic preservation than those amber-tinted beauties glorified in the Oriental studies of Ingres, of Richter, of Gérôme! Uncommonly tall were those famous beauties—citrine-hued, elegant of stature as palmettos, lithe as serpents; never again will such types re-appear upon American soil. Daughters of luxury, artificial human growths, never organized to enter the iron struggle for life unassisted and unprotected, they vanished forever with the social system which made them a place apart as for splendid plants reared within a conservatory. With the fall of American feudalism the dainty glass house was dashed to pieces; the species it contained have perished utterly; and whatever morality may have gained, one can not help thinking that art has lost something by their extinction. What figures for designs in bronze! what tints for canvas!

It is for similar reasons that the creole tongue must die in Louisiana; the great social change will eventually render it extinct. But there is yet time for the philologist to rescue some of its dying legends and curious lyrics, to collect and preserve them, like pressed blossoms, between the leaves of enduring books.

The creoles of the Antilles seem to have felt more pride in the linguistic curiosities of their native isles than the creoles of Louisiana have manifested regarding their own antiquities. In Trinidad fine collections of creole legends and proverbs have been made, and an excellent grammar of the dialect published; in Martinique, hymn-books, *paroissiens*, and other works are printed in creole; the fables of La Fontaine and many popular French fairy tales have found creole translators in the West Indies, while several remarkable pamphlets upon the history and construction of the West Indian dialects are cited in Parisian catalogues of linguistic publications. But it was not until the French publishers of *Mélusine* showed themselves anxious to cull the flora of Louisiana creole that the creoles themselves made any attempt to collect them. Happily the romantic interest excited throughout the country by George Cable's works stimulated research to further exertion, and even provoked the creation of a Franco-Louisianian novel, written by a creole, and having a considerable portion of its text in patois. Nevertheless nothing has yet been attempted in Louisiana comparable with the labors of MM. Luzel and Sébillot in Bretagne; no systematic efforts have been made to collect and preserve the rich oral literature of the creole parishes.

The inedited creole literature comprises songs, satires in rhyme, proverbs, fairy tales—almost everything commonly included under the term *folk-lore*. The lyrical portion of it is opulent in oddities, in melancholy beauties; Alphonse Daudet has frequently borrowed therefrom, using creole refrains in his novels with admirable effect.

Some of the popular songs possess a unique and almost weird pathos; there is a strange naïve sorrow in their burdens, as of children sobbing for lonesomeness in the night. Others, on the contrary, are inimitably comical. There are many ditties or ballads devoted to episodes of old plantation life, to surreptitious frolic, to description of singular industries and callings, to commemoration of events which had strongly impressed the vivid imagination of negroes—a circus show, an unexpected holiday, the visit of a beautiful stranger to the planter's home, or even some one of those incidents indelibly marked with a crimson spatter upon the fierce history of Louisiana politics. Of these lyrics I shall speak in another paper.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

COMMODORE CHANDLER.

AT noon of Wednesday, the 31st of December last, Commodore RALPH CHANDLER took formal charge of what is officially called the New York, and popularly the Brooklyn, Navy-yard. The honors rendered on the occasion were the simple ones prescribed by the regulation ceremony, a detachment of one hundred and fifty marines, under command of Captain EDWARD P. MEEKER, receiving him, and a salute of eleven guns denoting his arrival at the Lyceum, where the officers attached to the yard and station were introduced, in an informal reception, to the new commandant.

Thus the vacancy created by the death of the lamented FILLEBROWN, in the charge of one of the most important of the shore stations, has been worthily filled. Commodore CHANDLER has been almost forty years in his country's service, and has had a wide range of professional experience. Born in New York on the 3d of August, 1829, he was appointed to the navy from that State on the 27th of September, 1845, having just passed the age of sixteen. He was at the Naval School during the subsequent year, and thence was assigned to the razee *Independence*, the flag-ship of the Pacific Squadron. The war of the United States with Mexico had broken out, and he served in the blockade of Mazatlan, which terminated in the capture of the place, and he was also engaged in two skirmishes during its subsequent occupancy by the naval forces. Then he

was assigned to the *Vincennes*, in the Pacific Squadron.

Not until after six years of active service at sea and in war did he receive his first promotion, that of Passed Midshipman, in October, 1851. The following year found him at the Naval Academy, whence he was transferred to the sloop *St. Louis*, Captain INGRAHAM, of the Mediterranean Squadron, and this duty, in 1854, brought him to a participation in the famous KOSZTA affair in Smyrna.

Ten years after entering the navy he received his promotion to be Master, that of Lieutenant following the same year, 1855. He then had a turn of duty in the Coast Survey, and received a complimentary letter of thanks from Professor A. D. BACHE, the well-known Superintendent, for safely carrying the schooner *Crawford* through a series of hard gales and cyclones, beginning when she was off Hatteras, and lasting twenty-four days. The survey of the Paraná River and its tributaries closed up his chief work before the civil war.

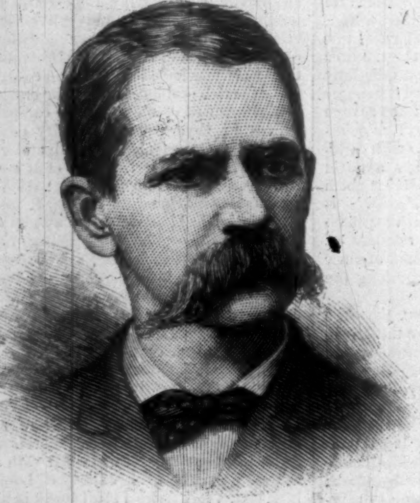
The opening of this war found him on the sloop *Vandalia*. He was present at the battle of Port Royal, and next served in the steam-sloop *San Jacinto*, taking part in the engagement with the Sewell's Point batteries and the capture of Norfolk in 1862. While in the *San Jacinto* he received the thanks of the Navy Department for the recovery of the propeller that broke away from the shaft in the Bahama Channel. The Naval Academy has drawings of the way in which this was done, for reference in lectures on seamanship. His promotion to be Lieutenant-Commander came in July, 1862.

During the last two or three years of the war he commanded successively the steamer *Huntsville*, the steam gun-boat *Maumee*, the double-ender *Lenapee*, and the monitor *Sangamon*. In the *Maumee* he took part in the bombardment and capture of Forts Fisher, Anderson, and Lee, which resulted in the fall of Wilmington. In the *Sangamon* he was detailed by Admiral PORTER to remove the torpedoes in James River and to clear the channel to Richmond, which task was accomplished without accident. Just after the war, while on special service in the *Don*, he discovered and surveyed the Cultivator shoal, about fifty miles off Cape Cod. After receiving his commission as Commander, in July, 1866, he commanded the *Tallapoosa* in 1869, and was then for three or four years on duty at the New York Navy-yard.

To Commodore CHANDLER'S more recent naval duties and services we need not now refer in close detail, they being fresher in remembrance. We may recall, however, that it was he who ten years ago commanded the *Swatara* on the transit of Venus expedition, when he landed five parties of observation in various parts of the southern hemisphere—one at the Desolation Islands, two at Tasmania, one at New Zealand, and one at the Chatham Islands. Hearing that the German party was in distress at the Auckland Islands, he went to their aid from Tasmania, and happily found them all right. He was able, however, to assist their work by putting at their disposal for comparison the *Swatara's* chronometers. This service the German Minister at Washington, Mr. SCHLOEZER, acknowledged in a complimentary letter. "Prince BISMARCK," said the Minister, "has instructed me to tender to you his warmest thanks for your noble and valuable support accorded to our countrymen." After his return to the United States he took command of the frigate *Wabash*, a receiving-ship. His commission as Captain came in 1874, and that of Commodore during the year just passed. His last cruise expired in July, 1881.

The New York yard is of necessity a most important one. Commodore CHANDLER brings to its command high and special qualifications and experience, since, as has already been noted, he was on duty at this same station from 1870 to 1874 as Captain and Executive Officer, thus becoming entirely familiar with its workings and all its details, while he comes still more immediately from similar service, being stationed last year at the Boston yard.

COMMODORE RALPH CHANDLER, THE NEW COMMANDANT OF THE NEW YORK NAVY-YARD.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY COX.



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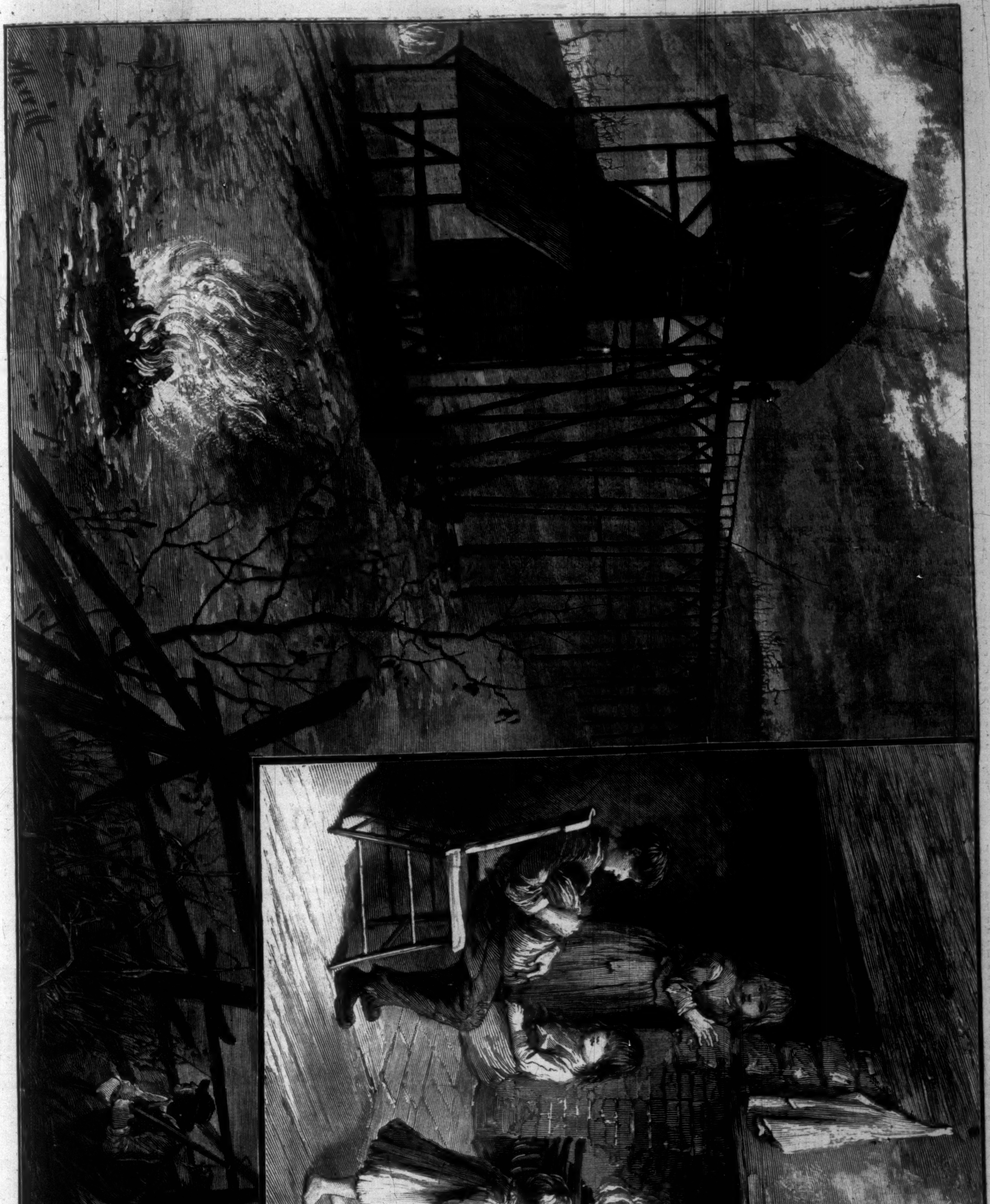
[SEE PAGE 19.]



THE HOCKING VALLEY STRIKE—GUARDING A HOPPER—INTERIOR OF A MINER'S CABIN.—Drawn by Frank T. Merrill.—[See Page 23.]

"YELPING" UP WILD TURKEYS.

If the reader will turn to Harper's Weekly for the 20th of last December he will find an interesting article on wild-turkey shooting which will explain the method adopted by hunters to allure this shy and suspicious game within range. In the South, where the sketch on page 20 was made, the call is known by the descriptive term of "yelping."

A FINNISH WEDDING OF OLDEN TIMES.

On the Sunday morning the invited guests assembled at the sexton's house (which was generally near the church), and when the morning psalm was being sung the procession set out. First of all walked the fiddlers, playing a festal march; then a swarm of children, young relatives of the bridal pair; next the two bridemaids, then the bridal couple, and immediately after them the bride-dresser. Then followed the two groomsmen and the rest of the crowd—men first, women next, arranged by the groomsmen in a certain order. The procession was so timed that they reached the church just as the psalm ended, and if they came a little too early they all waited in the porch until the proper time. So soon as the singing ceased, the wedding party entered the church, and walked up the centre aisle, the fiddlers meantime playing right joyfully, till they came to the altar, when they turned aside, and stood playing whilst the whole party was arrayed in order before the clergyman, who stood waiting for them. The wedding ceremony was then celebrated according to the old Swedish rites.

The wedding breakfast was generally laid on three tables set in the form of a horseshoe. The bridal couple sat in the place of honor—that is, in the middle of the centre table. Next to the bride sat the "bride-dresser," then the bridemaids and the rest of the women. Next the bridegroom sat the clergyman, and then the groomsmen and the men guests. The groomsmen acted as masters of the ceremonies, and saw that each one sat in his or her appointed place.

Each guest brought knife, fork, and spoon to the feast. The meal over, dancing began, when polka, waltz, minuet, and country dances of all kinds followed in rapid succession. Toward the end of the feast the bride was obliged to dance with each one of the girls, who stood in a ring round her. During this the lads stood all round with lighted candles. Next the bridegroom danced with all the men, the girls in their turn holding the lighted candles. Then the bride danced with the married women, and the married men held the lights, and then the bridegroom danced with the married men, the married women holding the candles.

After the dancing was over the guests who lived near went home, while those who lived at a distance staid the night. Next day by twelve o'clock all assembled once more to breakfast. The bride was then dressed as a married woman, in a cap bound with black. After breakfast the old folks chatted over things old and new, whilst the young folks amused themselves with ring-dances, etc., which, if the weather was fine, were held in the open air. This went on till supper-time. After supper much of the time was spent in singing.

WIFE-SELLING.

The custom of selling and purchasing wives in England certainly can claim a very respectable antiquity, and probably is based upon the ancient laws of the Anglo-Saxons. If a freeman took away the wife of a freeman, he was to pay his full weregeld, to buy another wife for the injured husband, and deliver her at his home. In the reign of Canute the law received some modification: no guardian could compel his ward to marry a man she disliked, and the money paid for her was to be a voluntary gift, and not a compulsory payment. It is not unnatural to suppose that the commodity thus obtained by money was transferable to another for a similar consideration whenever it may have become useless or disagreeable to its original purchaser. It seems, however, not impossible that the commencement of the custom would be found even in times antecedent, when women guilty of unfaithfulness were either put to death or sold as slaves.

The value of a wife seems to have been mostly held in light esteem, for one was sold at Gloucester market by auction in 1841 for half a crown, and it is recorded that the purchaser frequently congratulated himself on his "bargain." Even in a commercial sense he could well afford to be jubilant, for the "lot" was attired in a new white bonnet and a black gown, the usual ornament in the way of a halter being included, which was not bad consideration for his money, let alone the lady's charms.

In the year 1859 another instance of this moral degradation was furnished by the town of Dudley, where hundreds of people were assembled in Hall Street one evening to attend a wife sale. The first bid was three-halfpence, and ultimately reached sixpence. Her husband, in his ignorance, thought that after the ceremony had been repeated three times she actually had no claim upon him.

In 1881 a wife was sold at Sheffield for the paltry consideration of a quart of beer, and in 1862 a similar purchase was made at Selby market cross at the cost of only one-half that amount, merely a pint of beer, which was thought sufficient for a man's helpmate.

The tariff would seem to be on a downward-sliding scale as we advance in the century, for a case occurs, recorded by the South Wales *Daily News*, May 2, 1882, at Alfreton, where a woman was sold by her husband for a still lower valuation in a public-house. The modus operandi had the charm of simplicity: in a room full of men he offered to sell her for a glass of ale, and the offer being accepted by a young man, she readily agreed, took off her wedding ring, and from that time considered herself the property of the purchaser.

THE NEW YORK CHRISTMAS—ITS CHARITIES.

Christmas is peculiarly a New York feast. It was brought over by the Dutch, who, Calvinists though they were, had never lost their fondness for the ancient usages of Europe. They were always ready for banquets, revelry, and social greetings on the festival days of the early Church. Christmas brought its family meetings, its joyous festivities, its presents and its greetings, its happy children, servants, and the poor, its feasting that sometimes ran into excess, its brimming bowls of fiery wines and liquors, and its heaps of cakes and rich compounds that had in Holland tried for many an age the Belgic heads and health. New-Year's came with its visits and its cheerful congratulations. Even Twelfth-Night was kept by the patriotic Dutch; and then when Easter came, the whole population of early New York, bond and free, joined in the happy pastimes of Paas, and celebrated the new birth of hope with the mystic cracking of eggs. Never were there more joyous times than were these festivals of our Dutch ancestors. But Christmas was peculiarly a feast for children. It was covered with bowers of pine and spruce, holly and cedar. An aroma from the old Belgic forests seemed to haunt it, and memories of the days when men lived in the woods for cities.

The English rule in New York after 1664 only helped to add to the usual festivities of the season. It was the time of Charles II. and the restored Cavaliers, when even Pepys and Evelyn conformed in some degree to the prevailing follies and sins. New York was famous for its gay conviviality, its rich wines, and endless bowls of punch. Christmas became more than ever the centre of the year's festivities. It was draped in greens of pine and cedar, and Birnam's wood seemed to invade the joyous city. St. Nicholas and most of the Dutch customs were still retained; the happy children still watched for the Dutch saint and his rosy face, the sound of his wheels on the snow-covered roof, and the bountiful gifts he brought down the chimney, and grave men and women even rejoiced and laughed like children. Unfortunately our ancestors were not always discreet, and the follies and vices of the Old World tainted the pleasures of the New. Christmas was followed too often by the pangs of a vain repentance. Then the Revolution of 1688 did something for reform in New York, and the colonial days passed on, and independence came.

In the modern New York Christmas is more than ever the season of charity. No city is more liberal. In the midst of their festivities and private pleasures our citizens have learned to help each other. One is astonished at the great number of these private and public charities, but is still more astonished at the slight effect they seem as yet to have produced. The Christmas benefactions seem only to reveal the boundless depths of want that lie beneath the foundations of modern society. Recent inquiries into the condition of the poor abound in painful lessons. Often they live in miserable dens in uncleanly streets, in over-crowded tenement-houses in centres of disease. They pay a high rent, when they are able, for their dangerous homes. Children die off rapidly in them; the old and young herd together in misery. The crowded, uncleanly home brings immorality and death. We are not so badly off as are the European cities. We have no such wide-spread desolation as marks the condition of East London or the poorer quarters of Paris. With us there is still room for hope that we may repel the apparently onward strides of human suffering, and provide by wise benefactions for the protection of the very poor.

One of the surest means is providing them with comfortable homes. In many parts of the city the poor are already well lodged in tolerable comfort. In others they pay extravagant rents for their pestilential and destructive haunts. The best charity is to give them good rooms and homes at low prices. In London this reform has met with a real success. The labors and sacrifices of Miss Octavia Hill have saved hundreds; the Peabody and other buildings are always full. It is found that it is even profitable to build these homes for the poor, and that they return a good interest. It would be fortunate for our city if with the present Christmas the necessary reform could at once begin. It has already begun on a moderate scale in both Brooklyn and New York. We have several houses upon the plan of those of Miss Hill or the Peabody and Waterlow buildings in London. But there are entire blocks in the lower part of the city that might be made in this way profitable and useful, and South Brooklyn and Staten Island offer a wide field for these homes for the industrious.

It is proposed to throw around them many of those pleasures and luxuries that have heretofore been confined to the homes of the wealthy. In East London an association is formed to give lectures and libraries, gardens, music, flowers, reading-rooms, and evening entertainments to the very poor. It is an excellent plan. With us our city government may aid the enterprise by planting parks and open spaces in the most crowded parts of the city. It may add clean streets and a purer air. The city government can do much for the welfare of the poor. But to private enterprise and benevolence their lodging must be committed. Christmas is around us, with all its childhood's joys, its mature hopes, its fond greetings, and its words of love and charity. May it arouse our city to the task of providing for the industrious poor a happy home! Eugene Lawrence.

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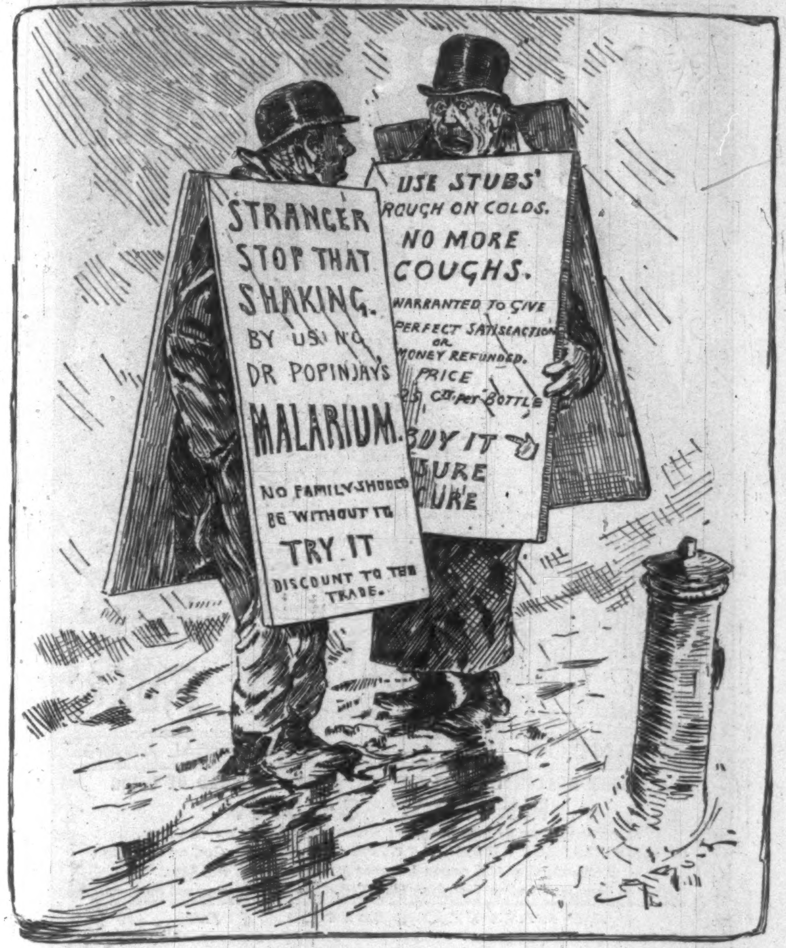

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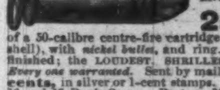

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